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CATULLUS

TRANSLATED INTO

ENGLISH VERSE

CATULLUS

T. HART-DAVIES

KEGAN PAUL

CATULLUS.

CATULLUS

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE.

BY

T. HART-DAVIES,

BOMBAY CIVIL SERVICE,

FORMERLY EXHIBITIONER OF PEMBROKE COLLEGE, OXFORD.

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PREFACE.

When Albinus requested that some allowance might be made by his readers for the badness of the Greek in which his Roman History was written, he was met by Cato with the obvious answer that he had no right to claim indulgence for a work which he had taken upon himself to perform without any external pressure. I should be open to much the same retort were I to claim any indulgence for the present essay at rendering Catullus into English verse, but it is as an attempt, however feeble, to popularize still further the productions of so unique and radiant a genius that the present version is in all humility offered.

Indocti discant et ament meminisse periti.

At all events, though the task be self-imposed, the conditions under which these translations were produced may reasonably claim some forbearance for their shortcomings. Written, for the most part, during the not too frequent leisure hours of an Indian official life, and at times when I was often necessarily reduced to even less than the one 'capsula' of books which Catullus had with him at Verona, these versions can at any rate, claim perfect originality, though an originality dearly purchased at the hazard of committing mistakes from which the perusal of a wider circle of authorities might have

saved me. It cannot be said that the world is overstocked with translations of Catullus. In comparison with the other great writers of antiquity his merits can hardly be said to have been duly recognized, and, compared with the numerous versions which exist of Virgil and Horace, the translations of Catullus are markedly few in number. With Mr Theodore Martin's admirable and scholarly rendering of the poems the present version does not, of course, pretend to enter into any competition, but one brilliant success should hardly be considered a bar to all subsequent enterprise, and it can scarcely be said that the other translations of the entire series, such as Lamb's and Elton's, are altogether satisfactory. Some individual poems have been more translated and imitated than any similar works in any language, but few extant versions embody the whole of Catullus' writings, as with the exception of a few passages I have attempted to do in the present volume.

I need hardly premise that Catullus is peculiarly untranslatable. Mr Lewes in his 'Life of Goethe' has expatiated so fully on the impossibility of any translation conveying an adequate idea of the original, that the illustrations and arguments to prove the point need not be re-stated, and it cannot be denied that Catullus is beyond all other poets difficult to render. The subtle charm of his dainty versification must necessarily evaporate in the process of transcription into another language, and at the best only a faint adumbration of the original can be conveyed. I have not attempted, except in the case of the Atys, to represent any of the poems in the metres of the original. Compared with the difficulty of such a task, the advantages that could be attained by doing so seemed to me to be exceedingly meagre. The genius of the English language is not suited to metrical versions of any kind, even hexameters and elegiacs have only an artificial beauty, and do not appeal to the ear with the harmony for which the same metres in Latin and Greek, and even in German, are distinguished. The charm of Hermann and Dorothea, and of the Roman and Venetian elegies, is far greater, from the rhythmical point of view, than that of Evangeline, or the occasional attempts of Clough, and this not so much owing to the superiority of Goethe's genius as to the fact that he had a more serviceable medium at his command. Even Tennyson in his attempts at hendecasyllabic versification has admitted as much, and when so great a master of rhythm has failed, or at all events not succeeded, who could hope to essay with confidence? With regard to the Atys the case is somewhat different. The undoubted success of the fine experiment of 'Boadicea,' and the impossibility of finding any metre in English which does not lose entirely the rush and vigour of the original, rendered it almost a duty to make an attempt from which I should otherwise have shrunk, and though I am painfully conscious of the inadequacy of my version, it may perhaps encourage some one

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to make the same experiment with greater effect. I have throughout the poem adhered to the Tennysonian rather than to the Catullian form of galliambics, having a trochaic rhythm in the first half of the line, and the addition generally of an unaccented syllable at the close.

For facility of reference the ordinary arrangement has been followed, the fact of its being chronologically inaccurate seems hardly sufficient warrant for any alteration. The text to which I have usually had recourse is that of Doering, though Lachmann and Rossbach have also been laid under contribution. I must express my indebtedness to Professor R. Ellis's admirable Commentary and Text, a life-work which has entitled him to the warmest gratitude of all lovers of Catullus, and I have also derived much assistance from Schwabe's and Heyse's labours. I have also read with profit, M. Couat's sympathetic essay, especially on the influence exercised by Alexandrinism on the style of Catullus.

T. H.-D.

INTRODUCTION.

THERE is hardly one of the great writers of antiquity of whose life we possess any authentic contemporaneous record, and the brief and brilliant existence of Catullus offers no exception to the rule. Indeed, it was by the merest accident that the Veronese poet did not become a name as vague and shadowy as Menander, Sappho, or Alcæus. One single manuscript of his works survived the devastation of the barbarian conquest, and was discovered in a mutilated state in the fourteenth century. It is curious to reflect how nearly a great genius had perished out of the world, and it is a striking proof of the barbarism which followed on the ruin of the Western Empire, that a poet so well known and quoted as Catullus had been by all the later Roman writers, should have been virtually forgotten for nearly ten centuries. The only sources from which his individual history can be constructed are his poems, and a few meagre notices in the writings of Suetonius, Cicero, Pliny, and Appuleius. His prænomen is said by Appuleius to have been, Caius, and by Pliny he is spoken of as Quintus, but it appears nearly certain that the former appellation is the correct one.

He was born, according to the Eusebian Chronicle, in 87 B.C., and died in 57 B.C. That the second of these dates is erroneous is clearly shown by the fact that in Carmen cxiii.

he speaks of Pompeius' second consulship, which did not take place till B.C. 55, and in Carmina xi. and xxix. he mentions Cæsar's invasion of Britain, which happened in B.C. 55-54. Also in Carmen liii. he refers to the speech of Licinius Calvus against Vatinius, which was delivered in opposition to Cicero's advocacy in B.C. 54. No political event of any date subsequent to this is mentioned in his poems, if we except the words in Carmen lii. 'Per consulatum pejerat Vatinius,' but it has been plausibly conjectured that this passage refers not to Vatinius' actual consulship, which took place in B.C. 47, but to the habit that worthy is said by Cicero to have had of swearing by his future consulship; an oath by no means a piece of simple bombast when a man had attained a rank which would naturally culminate in the highest honours. It is certain, at all events, that Catullus died young, as is shown by a passage in Ovid's Amores,

> "Obvius huic venias hedera juvenilia cinctus
> Tempora cum Calvo, docte Catulle tuo,"

for a man much over thirty was not usually regarded as 'juvenis.' It seems, then, probable on the whole either that Catullus died three years later than the date given by Jerome in the Eusebian Chronicle, and so was thirty-three at the time of his death, or if Jerome's statement that he died at the age of thirty must be accepted, the dates both of his birth and death must be put forward three years. Either view would agree with the assertion of Cornelius Nepos who

mentions him as a contemporary of Lucretius, who died or committed suicide in B.C. 50.

Catullus was born at Verona, of a good family, and his father was the friend and host of Julius Cæsar, which shows that he must have been a citizen of considerable local importance. The son, either sent there for his education or impelled possibly by the same strong passion for a larger sphere of life which drove Shakspere to London, took up his abode at Rome at an early age, and for the rest of his life always regarded Rome as his head-quarters. He did not indeed totally abandon Verona. His circle of acquaintance there seems to have been considerable, and he probably not unfrequently retired to his native place, for change of air, or to visit some of the Veronese beauties who appear to have captivated his fancy. But he always looked upon Rome as his home from the day when he first entered the city, no doubt with good introductions, a well-replenished purse, a handsome person and that indescribable fascination which early genius exercises on all with whom it comes in contact, and plunged into all the dissipation of the gay society of the day. He must emphatically have been a youth to whom was given

> 'So much of earth, so much of heaven,
> And such imperious blood,'

and his own words bear out this impression. 'Multa satis lusi' he says of himself when the white robe was first conferred upon him, and there is no reason to suppose that his

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pleasures were restrained by any slenderness of means, and certainly not by any stern philosophical contempt for those enjoyments to which the 'fervida juventus' of all ages has recklessly abandoned itself. There are, indeed, allusions in his poems which might imply that his finances were not always in the most flourishing condition, but most of them refer humorously to his failure to make a fortune out of his journey to Bithynia, and the point of one of the epigrams which has been relied upon to prove his poverty, depends on a disputed reading, 'vestra' for 'nostra,' a change which would of course totally alter the conclusion to be drawn from it.

That he cannot have been in distressed circumstances is proved by the fact that he possessed a house at Rome, a farm at Tibur, or in Sabine territory, and a villa at Sirmio, and this is sufficient to outweigh any presumption which might be drawn from his allusion to the cobwebs in his purse, in the 'Invitation to Fabullus,' or his humorous account of his crazy truckle bed, and lack of litter-bearers. Many men who have never felt the real sting of want have jested about the pressure of poverty, and though Catullus mingled in the best and the worst society of the day, and was a patron of such dealers in 'wholesome iniquities' as the worthy Silo, there is nothing to show that anything approaching to real destitution either prompted or resulted from his unlucky expedition in the suite of Memmius. It must have been during his first residence at Rome that he became acquainted

with the Lesbia whom he has rendered immortal in his verse, and this permanent amour, coupled with his association with such eminent men as Cicero, Cornelius Nepos, Licinius Calvus, and Asinius Pollio, must have prevented him from sinking into the merely vulgar debauchee, which some accounts aim at representing him to have been. However, as his waste, like that of Falstaff, was great, some slight replenishment of his fortunes was considered advisable, and he consequently took the opportunity of restoring fulness to his purse from the spoils of the provinces—a by no means uncommon resource of needy young Romans—and left for Asia in the train of Memmius.

It has been generally assumed that his brother's death preceded this visit to Bithynia, and that Carmen ci. commemorated a visit paid to his brother's grave while on his way thither. That this conjecture must be wrong has been clearly shown by Professor Ramsay and Mr Martin, who observe that the fact of this great loss not being alluded to in the poems which treat of his return from Asia is fatal to the supposition that his brother's death preceded his first departure from Rome. It was therefore with all the buoyancy of youth that he started with his band of friends to seek unknown regions, and there is an air of levity thrown over his otherwise bitter parting address to Lesbia who had already given him cause for uneasiness by the increasing vagrancy of her amours. But life is one perpetual series of 'illusions dissipées,' and Catullus returned

to Rome after a year's absence with a mind enlarged by travel, and contact with other forms of civilization, and with health probably braced up by his adventurous solitary voyage in his own yacht from Rhodes to Sirmio, but with the melancholy conviction that a fortune was not to be made out of the hapless provincials as rapidly as he anticipated. Indeed, it appears that what Anglo-Indians of a past generation used to call the pagoda-tree had been very considerably shaken before Catullus arrived in Bithynia, and owing to the increased strictness on the subject introduced by Pompey, or perhaps owing to his own high principle, Memmius neither pilfered himself nor allowed his suite to do so, so that they all returned worse off than when they started.

This conduct of Memmius, which, indeed, to our modern ideas of duty towards subject races only implies simple honesty,—though such was the laxity of opinion at that time that it must be taken as showing a much higher moral standard in him—was made the subject of bitter reproach on the part of the poet, though on what grounds except purely selfish ones it is difficult to discover. It is curious to compare the bitterness expressed by Catullus against Memmius with the respect shown for him by Lucretius, and to our calmer judgments the fact that he did *not* allow Catullus to plunder the wretched Bithynians would rather tend to justify Lucretius' high opinion. In all Catullus' violent attacks upon individuals, as also in all personal diatribes which the fame of

their authors has preserved, it is as well to remember that we are from the very nature of the case debarred from forming an impartial judgment on the question at issue. I have often thought that if the 'witless Perses' had been articulate, future ages might have chuckled over his sarcastic account of Hesiod's notion of business, and if the many other victims of the divine wrath of bards could speak in their own defence, our sympathy with the poet's indignation would often have to undergo considerable modification.

However, Catullus may be excused if he failed to view his disappointment from any but a strictly subjective stand-point, though the charms of a tour through the famous cities of Asia, and his delight at reaching his lovely Sirmio at last, may have done much towards reconciling him to his ill-luck, so that he could bear to speak of it in jesting terms. The value of such an experience as the journey was to him can hardly be overrated, a great part of the force and vividness of his descriptions of sea and land must be attributed to the opportunities he enjoyed of seeing Nature under her most lovely aspect in the Ægean Sea; the delicate light, the *λαμπρότατος αἰθήρ* over the hill-tops and groves, the dark wine-coloured depths of the sea, which strike the traveller in the Archipelago with a sense of Homer's accuracy as a word-painter, and the divine nights under the 'earnest' stars or radiant moon—all these he must have viewed with a keen and exquisite delight, and have sought to embody in the charming landscape

sketches of the Peleus and Thetis. Far different was his next voyage to the fatal Troad to pay the last rites on the tomb of his brother, a journey which he undertook for that express purpose. The great grief caused by his brother's death, and his own hopeless devotion to Lesbia, which only succumbed at last to her outrageous infidelities, and subsequent open degradation, are the two great passions which most deeply influenced Catullus' short and ardent life, and form the key-notes of the thrill of ecstasy and despair which vibrate through so many of his poems.

'Die Geschichte des Menschen,' says Goethe, 'ist sein charakter,' and if this be true—as it is, if we take character to mean that development of particular parts of a man's nature which is necessarily induced by circumstances—these two strong emotions must be regarded as the points on which the history of Catullus turns, and which more than any other influences modified his personality. Of the brother whose loss he deplores we know nothing beyond what we read in the text; but the almost overpowering grief his death occasioned lies as an under-current in many of Catullus' most beautiful poems, and forms the direct subject of his epistle to Hortalus, and lines on his brother's grave. It is probable that this blow, coupled with the loss of Lesbia's love, had the effect of shortening the life of the gifted singer. To natures like his such strokes of bitter fortune become really mortal wounds, and although Dr Johnson's washerwoman would not have sobbed herself to

death for such a reason, the tender and sensitive nature of Catullus may well have sunk under this accumulation of ills. The loss of Lesbia's love was also attended by many emotions which would render such an abandonment especially difficult to bear. Frantic jealousy, contempt of himself for being led astray by a being so completely worthless, and mingled scorn and pity for the notorious object of his wasted affections, all these must have added a poignancy to the pangs following on the dissolution of a passion which had grown with years.

Lesbia's real name is stated by Appuleius to have been Clodia, and critics appear to be satisfied that this fascinating enchantress, this embodiment of all grace and voluptuousness was the notorious Clodia rendered famous, or rather infamous, by Cicero's invective in the oration Pro Cœlio. This conclusion seems to have been drawn mainly from the impossibility of applying to any one else of that age whose name has descended to posterity, the circumstances which are told of the life of Lesbia, a chain of reasoning as conclusive as that which identifies Sir Philip Francis with the author of the 'Letters of Junius'; and the only serious argument that can be adduced against this view is that drawn from Carmen xlix, in which Catullus pronounces a panegyric on Cicero, which, it is urged, he would scarcely have done if the orator had been the instrument of showing up to the world the degradation of his mistress. But besides the fact that there

is no evidence to show conclusively that the address to Cicero was written after the delivery of the oration Pro Cœlio, there is nothing intrinsically improbable in the supposition that Cicero's scathing invective against Clodia may have almost gratified the vindictive feelings of the poet; for though through his poems there is the deep regret for vanished joy, anger at desertion, and a keen perception of the shame into which his mistress has sunk, there is nothing approaching to that horror at the soiling of womanhood implied in such a degradation, nothing approaching that divine pity for sin, embodying a train of chivalrous sentiment which it was the peculiar mission of the Christian religion to introduce into our higher morality.

The anger which vented itself in coarse and bitter reproaches at Lesbia's fall may well have found a fitting echo in Cicero's vigorous language, and under the influence of such feelings possibly Carmen xlix. may have been composed. At all events, it is certain from the poems that Lesbia, when Catullus first met her, was a married woman of fair reputation, and that if she was the wife of Metellus Celer, her rank and position were such as to make the intrigue hazardous; that she subsequently indulged her passion with an increasing number of lovers, and at length became a woman of notoriously licentious character; that she lay under a suspicion of incest with her brother; and that she was a woman of rare and extraordinary beauty and fascination; all which points, as we

learn from Cicero, can be affirmed with certainty about Clodia. Besides which Cœlius Rufus was confessedly one of Clodia's lovers, and a Rufus is reviled for betraying the poet's friendship, and supplanting him in his love, and Cicero's description of her as Ἥρα βοῶπις would seem to explain the constant allusions to Jupiter which are found in the verses devoted to her. It may also be added that the number of letters in each name is the same, following the rule laid down by the old grammarians for the formation of such pseudonyms.

We may, therefore, on the whole assume the identity of Lesbia with the Clodia whose course of life, her 'libidines, amores, adultera, Baiis acta convivia,' and other licentious dissipations, are so graphically described by Cicero; and it can hardly be denied that the extent and variety of her scandalous pleasures were enough to disgust any lover, however much he might, like Catullus, object on principle to exhibitions of jealousy. So we are brought face to face with the pathetic spectacle of genuine love wasted on an unworthy object, followed by a gradual awakening to the perception of the worthlessness of the idol, and eventually by the despairing renunciation—a renunciation which seems to tear the very heart-strings—of a love which had passed away, and lost itself in the mire of shameless and unbridled profligacy.

Catullus' love, says M. Couat in his admirable essay, was not a mere physical passion, nor yet a mystical adoration of beauty in the Platonic sense, nor a matter of taste and

elegance as in the Alexandrian writers, but all these together blended with a strong human element. 'Ce n'est pas Phédre, languissante, consumée, proie deplorable de Vénus, ce n'est pas l'amoureux de Lucréce couvrant de fleurs et usant de baisers une poste muette, insensible à tout, n'ecoutant que la fougue du desìr, et la revolte du sang dans ses veines, encore moins est ce un litterateur en quête de formes gracieuses et d'images poetiques; c'est un cœur blessé heureux de sa blessure,' and it is precisely this strongly marked human characteristic which gives it all its pathos.

The steps in the process of disenchantment, the mingled throbs of love and hate, temporary joy at a brief reconciliation followed by anger at some fresh slight or infidelity, despairing faith trying to bear up against cruel certainty, the resolution to have done with his passion vanishing again in weak submission to the irresistible spell, and the last bitter scorn of the heartless woman who has descended into the very abyss of infamy—all these are brought vividly before us in the magic verse of Catullus, and form a panorama of heart-experience such as has been rarely presented to the world. Passion so true and lasting, though the sensual side of it appears to have been very strong, could only have been inspired in so rare a nature as that of Catullus by a personality of great potency, and what Goethe called 'demonism,' and we can picture to ourselves Clodia as a kind of exaggerated Madame de Warens, 'insatiable of love,' as

M. Couat puts it, 'and almost incapable of loving,' constitutionally unchaste, and yet one whose want of chastity has not the effect it has in so many of destroying qualities which fascinate by their perfect womanly charm. At all events her fascinations were sufficient to retain the poet in complete bondage, for there is not a trace of evidence to show that her unfaithfulness excused itself or was suggested by corresponding infidelities on his part, nor does he, as Propertius frequently does, endeavour to appease jealousy on the part of his mistress.

The other women he addresses, such as Aufilena, Ipsithilla and others, seem to have been the objects of merely casual amours, and not to have influenced his life in any way; no thought of them as capable of affording consolation to his desolate state, after the loss of Lesbia, ever seemed to occur to him: he has lived and loved, and his love has been to him a mortal wound. It is instructive to notice the characteristic difference between his feelings and those of Horace under similar circumstances. The easy, philosophical, and more superficial nature of the brilliant Augustan poet assumes as a natural consequence that it will be necessary to have recourse to a less faithless maid to console him for his disappointment, and contemplates calmly the probability of his rival and successor being deserted in a similar fashion when the brief fancy of the volatile beauty has passed. Such matter-of-fact reflections were totally alien

to the sensitive and passionate mind of Catullus, as is also the cold-blooded strain of savage irony with which Horace triumphs over the decayed charms and vanished loveliness of Lyce. For Catullus no consolation remains but death, and some faint solace derived from the reflection that at all events he has not to reproach himself with any want of tenderness on his part, his 'pietas' must surely be appreciated by the all-seeing gods.

This, by the way, is almost the only passage in Catullus which shows any serious conviction of the existence of a providence. His sensuous and vivid nature seems to have found ample food in the phenomena of the world, and the pleasures of life as he actually found them, and he seems, like Goethe, though from different impelling motives, to have regarded the problem of a future life as practically insoluble and not worthy of our attention. Pure agnosticism may be said to have been his creed, if, indeed, he can be said to have had any creed at all, and there are passages in favour of making the most of the fleeting hour which might have been penned by that much deeper and more earnest thinker Omar Khayyam, the astronomer-poet of Persia, in the flippancy of scorn against the futile doctrines of 'the saints and sages who discussed of the two worlds so learnedly.' Possibly the scepticism of his great contemporary Lucretius may have infected him, and his ardent and joyous mind may have interpreted Lucretius' speculations as conveying the undeniable moral that at all

events the present life is something positive, and that as much as possible should be extracted from it before the endless night of death weighs on our eyes. This is a theory of life admirably suited to sensuous natures, and possesses the great advantage, shared, indeed, by every other theory of life, of being absolutely unassailable by any verbal argument.

Detailed criticism on the poems of Catullus would obviously be out of place within the limits of a preface, but it is well to mark the historical position of every great writer, and ascertain as far as possible the conditions of the age which gave him birth. In the case of Catullus this is peculiarly difficult, owing to the fact that all the works produced during the generation immediately preceding his lifetime have disappeared by the ravages of time. Whether anything of real literary merit has thus vanished may indeed be an open question, but it would be of great assistance in estimating the character of the literature of the last days of the Republic if we could restore the missing links of the golden chain of inspiration which an unfortunate chance has hidden for ever from our critical eyes. It may be stated, broadly, that the great outburst of literary activity which culminated in the glories of the Augustan period, was produced by the revelation of the Greek world of thought to the enthusiastic and receptive minds of Roman men of genius, a revelation akin in its effects to that which

followed on the re-discovery of classical literature at the time of the Renaissance. No purely native literature of any value probably ever existed in Italy, and the few remains we possess of Nævius, and the few songs in the Saturnian metre do not convey the idea of excellence either in form or matter, and appear fully to merit the contempt bestowed upon them by Ennius.

The only really original department of Roman literature is the Satire—'Satira,' says Quintilian, 'tota nostra est'—but it may be doubted whether this was anything more than one stage in the process of development by continuous differentiation, which from the Greek drama or the Hebrew song has produced forms so widely distinct as the modern play, the novel and the newspaper. Roman satire was really embodied in the Greek comedy, and it was nothing but the distaste for purely dramatic representation, which distinguished the common people at Rome, that led to the abnormal development of that side of the drama, which was instinctively felt to be essential to a healthy national existence. Livius Andronicus, who may be regarded as the father of Roman culture, brought out his first drama, translated from the Greek, in B.C. 240, and from that time the influence of those immortal models was never seriously shaken. Ennius represented the highest embodiment of genius and culture of his day; the divine spark was handed on to Pacuvius and Attius, but nothing intervenes to mark the gradual development of literary form between Terence and Catullus, except a fragment of Cicero's 'Aratea,' a production of absolute worthlessness. Matius, Lævius, and Furius are unfortunately to our ears only names, but there can be no doubt that the age was distinguished by an increased study of Greek models, and an increased attention to the niceties and rhythm of language. Catullus, who may be regarded, both from the philological and literary point of view, as standing half-way between the old writers and the classical school of the Augustan period, was born when this tendency was at its height, and numerous traces appear in his poems of the potent influence exercised over his genius by the Greek and especially the Alexandrian poets. Probably his earliest productions were translations from Greek originals. Sappho's Ode, Carmen li., and the Coma Berenices certainly were, and however highly we may rate the former, the latter is not, as far as we can judge, a translation of a very high order or perfect accuracy. Callimachus, though perhaps not a man of great genius, appears to have been a perfect master of form, if we may estimate his general style from the fragments which exist, and there are passages in the Coma Berenices of very unequal merit.

It is somewhat singular to observe the admiration bestowed on Callimachus by a writer who was really gifted with more original creative power; but modern parallels may be found in the veneration Burns expressed for Shenstone, and Byron for

Pope, and it is probable that in each case the fascination lay in the charm which the first introduction to perfect workmanship would naturally exercise over minds conscious of great thoughts, and striving to find adequate expression for them. Besides which it is difficult to escape the effect of early training, and the culture of that day was essentially Alexandrian. 'The Alexandrian poems,' says Mommsen, 'took a prominent place in Italian scholastic instruction, especially as trial themes, and certainly promoted knowledge, though at the expense of taste and discretion.' It was, therefore, difficult for Catullus to have begun otherwise than he did, and, perhaps, to a genius of such originality as his, not much harm was done by the inculcation of literary canons which in some instances had degenerated into frivolity. 'Alexandrinisme,' to quote M. Couat again, 'signifie l'absence de sincerité dans la poésie, la préoccupation exclusive de la forme, ce qu'on pourrait appeler en un certain sens selon un mot célébre, 'l'art pour l'art.' Such a school, represented by men ungifted with real power, would naturally develop into Euphuistic pedantry, but Catullus' strong masculine sense and keen eye for natural beauty prevented him from becoming a mere manufacturer of literary conceits.

As Mommsen puts it, 'though his poems lead us alternately to the valley of the Nile and the Po, he is incomparably more at home in the latter,' and his essentially Roman genius also tended to preserve him from being

simply an imitator of Greek expression, though Horace's sneer—a most unworthy exhibition of jealousy — would seem to show that he, at all events, professed to regard Catullus as a pedant, deficient in what was really his strongest point, spontaneity. But it is possible that he was selected by Horace as the most conspicuous of an intolerably verse-making age, to which the 'Scribimus indocti, doctique poemata passim' could be applied with almost more truth than to the Augustan period, and that the sarcasm was levelled rather at the literary epoch than at the individual. But it is not only in the choice of subjects, in the measure, and in the forms of expression, that Catullus betrays the strong influence exercised over him by the Alexandrian school, it is also visible in the direction of sentiment. The minute analysis of the phenomena of love, and the current of paiderastic emotion which was emphatically repellent to the Romans even of that age, had been largely embodied in the works of Theocritus, Phanocles, Apollonius, and other Alexandrians, and the latter form of passion had received almost an idealization from the tender vein of sentiment with which it had been associated.

But after all, though we may trace Alexandrian and earlier Greek influences in Catullus' works, none the less does he remain a great original poet. For herein does the originality of a poet consist, that he can assimilate the materials and forms left by other ages and other races,

and fuse them into the perfect shapes which spring from his brain alone. Judged by this standard Catullus appears a genuine poet. 'He is,' says Professor Sellar in his charming volume on the Roman poets of the Republic, 'perhaps the only great Roman poet who can express himself at once with perfect grace and with the happiest simplicity;' and it is this blending of perfect art and perfect nature, this union of glowing inspiration and divinely beautiful form, which render his poems unmatched among the flowers of antique art. The calm beauty of the Peleus and Thetis, the wild rapid rhythm of the Atys, a poem unequalled in the whole range of classical literature, the pathetic loveliness of some of the minor poems, the lively grace and fancy of others, —all these show his real originality, and could have been attained by no study, however careful, of the finest models.

αὐτοδίδακτος δ' εἰμί· Θεὸς δέ μοι ἐν φρεσὶν οἴμας παντοίας ἐνέφυσεν.

says the bard in the Odyssey of himself, and the same proud boast might well be repeated by Catullus. Compare the wild hurrying movement of such passages in the Atys as 'Furibunda simul anhelans vaga vadit animi egens' and following lines,—indeed the whole poem, for not a single line is weak,—with the tender pathetic harmony of the 'Miser Catulle, desinas ineptire,' or the poem beginning 'Si qua recordanti benefacta priora voluptas.' The Atys carries one away with its wild rushing measure, its tumultuous excitement, its frenzied despair, while the delightful rhythm of the minor

poems seems to haunt one like a melody of Mozart or the tuneful Schubert, though the words are the words of every-day prosaic use. Indeed, Catullus' lyrics afford an admirable proof of the truth of Wordsworth's dictum, that the language of verse does not really differ from that of prose. And these in truth are the 'fine strains of honour,' these are 'the graces of the gods,' to represent with the same ease and realistic force the depths of abnormal passion, and the commonplace feelings of love, sorrow, and disappointment.

Any notice of Catullus would be incomplete which did not contain some consideration of the obscenity which unfortunately disfigures many of his works. I have of course in the translation, endeavoured to tone it down as much as possible consistently with the proper rendering of the passages, and have been obliged to omit some of the poems altogether. (I say! Englishman) That those retained have thereby lost in vigour it would be impossible to deny, but at the same time, as I shall endeavour to show, the expressions which we now consider objectionable were part of the ordinary speech of the day, and had Catullus lived and written at the present time, his mode of expressing vigorous detestation would have been different, so that not much is lost by the softening-down process to purely English readers. On this subject Professor Sellar writes, 'It is only in his careless moods, when he looks upon life in the spirit of a humourist, or in moods of bitterness when he his personal antipathies are roused, or in his savage fits when he

witnessed some inhuman lust or prosperous villainy, that he casts aside those restraints which the better instincts of men in nearly every age have placed upon the use of language.' This limitation of the conditions under which obscenity appears surely includes nearly all the minor poems which Catullus has written, and it is useless to endeavour by any definition to disguise the fact that the language of Catullus is, except in his longer and more serious poems, habitually disfigured by expressions which the present age at all events is agreed to regard as positively indecent. We must look upon the circumstance as a fact, which it is impossible to deny, and which we may deplore if we choose, but which at all events is instructive to the historian of morals as showing the state of feeling which existed on the subject during the last days of the Roman Republic.

A full consideration of the matter would lead us into the midst of a question which is capable of almost infinite dissertation, namely, the relation between morals and language. Catullus himself has pronounced an opinion in those well-known lines which affirm that a true poet should always be chaste, but that it is not necessary for his lines to be so. The same plea against judging the moral temperament of a poet by the warmth of his verse has been used by Ovid, Martial and Pliny, and the whole question of the connection between purity of life and purity of language, has been exhaustively discussed by D'Israeli in his 'Essay on the Literary Character.'

Smollett, La Fontaine, Cowley and Bayle, were according to D'Israeli, all writers, whose lives were irreproachable, and whose writings are, to say the least, free in expression; but if any general rule must be laid down, probably the well-known lines of Muretus, whose own experience, by the way, gives him an ample right to be heard on the subject, will be found to convey a sound truth. 'Quisquis versibus exprimit Catullum, raro moribus exprimit Catonem;' a man who is a Catullus in verse is rarely a Cato in morals. Indeed, in the case of Catullus himself, in spite of his disclaimer of any necessary connexion between looseness of life and laxity in language, it is difficult to discern any exception to the principle of Muretus. It is possible however, in his indignant repudiation of his friends' conclusions as to his character, that he may have mentally compared his weaknesses with those of Gellius, Naso and others branded in his verse, and may have derived some ground for self-complacency from the comparison.

It would have been wiser in him, however, not to have brought the subject up at all, as on his own showing he was certainly open to a very obvious retort. At the same time, though the general rule may hold good, experience seems to show that habitual coarseness of expression may not unfrequently co-exist with a tolerably well-sustained average or virtuous conduct. Especially when the coarseness is of that broad animal kind which Catullus exhibits, and which perhaps is more compatible with virtue than the language

which has become guarded but prurient, and when all indecency is veiled in the terms of passion and sentiment. In this respect the difference between Catullus and Horace is as the difference between Fielding and Thackeray. 'I defy any one,' says Thackeray in that admirable chapter which treats of the later career of Mrs Rawdon Crawley, 'I defy any one to say that our Becky, who has certainly some vices, has not been presented to the public in a perfectly genteel and inoffensive manner.' In describing this siren singing and smiling, coaxing and cajoling, the author with modest pride asks his readers all round, 'Has he once forgotten the laws of politeness, and showed the monster's hideous tail above water? No!' but the 'monster's hideous tail' appears very obviously in Tom Jones, and is still more perceptible in Catullus.

On the whole, it seems the safest way to conclude that language is to a very great extent a question of convention and fashion of the age, so that it becomes needless to wonder with Professor Sellar how 'a poet with the clear eye and pure taste of Catullus could turn his vigorous force of expression to the vilest uses,' and needless also to reject the story told by Suetonius of Julius Cæsar having invited the lampooner to dinner, as a sign of reconciliation after one of these scurrilous attacks. A general who at his own triumph could tolerate his soldiers singing 'Ecce Cæsar nunc triumphat qui subegit Galliam, Nicomedes non triumphat qui subegit Cæsarem,' or, 'Urbani, servate uxores, mœchum calvum adducimus,' would probably feel no particular resentment against an ardent young poet, however vigorous his denunciation might have been, and he might well have considered it wise and statesmanlike to treat such attacks with contempt. 'I let my people say what they like, provided they let me do what I like,' is a saying attributed to Frederick the Great, and Cæsar was probably no less magnanimously tolerant of criticism. Indeed, an age when so correct a man as Cicero could make indecent jokes in the Senate, cannot have been very particular about forms of expression in lampoons, and we should probably not be far wide of the mark if we concluded that such attacks had upon Cæsar about as much effect as caricatures in comic journals have upon modern statesmen.

The extent to which personalities were carried, and the obscenity which nearly always accompanied them in ancient times can hardly be realized at the present day, though indeed as late as the time of Voltaire such classical characteristics had not altogether disappeared from the literature of invective. Even Pompey, a man of notoriously good moral character, was assailed by the 'boni' of the day with epigrams quite as scurrilous as those which Catullus levelled at Cæsar, and the poet of the period probably knew that no one was likely then to take his epithets as conveying an historical fact. It was reserved for later historians to place on record the foulest accusations against Cæsar's moral character on the

authority of the soldiers' songs and Catullus' reckless diatribes, utterly ignoring the Fescennine-like character of these productions, which were indecent in their very nature, an indecency justified by custom and tradition. Indeed, in the case of the soldiers' songs, obscenity was justified by the theory that in order to avoid the influence of the 'fascinum' or evil eye, which was always ready to blast the good fortune of any too-blest mortal, some indecency in word or symbol was considered advisable, and hence probably arose the custom mentioned by Varro of carrying a "turpicula res" suspended round the neck, a custom which still exists among some of the castes in India.

As each age has its standard of correctness in language, so also has it its own peculiar notion of wit. To our minds such attacks as those made by Catullus on Cæsar appear simply repulsive, for their coarseness is not redeemed by anything approaching to wit or delicacy of sarcasm, which indeed can hardly co-exist with such plain-spoken obscenity. The poems in fact suggest that Swift might have placed his argument in favour of keeping up Christianity as productive of amusement on a somewhat broader basis. For that religion alone by prohibiting anything like a plain delineation of human passion has thereby given birth to all forms of humour, which can only exist when there is a background of infinite seriousness to give point to the sense of incongruity which any repressed outbreak of naturalism necessarily awakens in our minds.

This deficiency in humour Catullus of course shares with nearly all the writers of antiquity, so that the consequent plainness of his language need not make us draw absolutely unfavourable conclusions as to his intellectual versatility; but the reflection that humour is a growth of the ages and advanced civilization naturally occurs when we contemplate the species of composition which came home to the contemporaries of Catullus. In the story above mentioned as given by Suetonius, it is related that it was in consequence of an apology and retractation on the part of the poet that Cæsar invited him to dinner. This some writers appear to regard as throwing an air of improbability over the whole anecdote, not deeming it possible that a man of the rough republican honesty of Catullus would have condescended to retract anything he had written under the influence of sincere conviction.

But there is a trace of almost feminine vehemence in Catullus, the very reverse of unswerving and conscious power. The 'odi et amo' is a very perceptible trait in his character, and is shown in the poems by the indignation with which he denounces men whom he had previously addressed in terms of affectionate admiration. Such weakly vehement natures are very susceptible of influence, and it may be easily imagined that the personal fascination which Cæsar exercised over most of his contemporaries may have affected the sympathetic character of the poet. Carmen xciii. seems to betray a consciousness of this influence in the poet himself.

A man does not openly proclaim his indifference to the good opinion of another unless he has some inward consciousness that the indifference is not a fact, and Catullus had himself described a somewhat similar phenomenon in the loudly-announced dislike which Lesbia testified towards him.

If the moral nature of Catullus is open to the charge of capricious wilfulness it is no less certain that his intellectual range is somewhat limited. He has none of the eager questioning of fate which Lucretius has put into majestic verse, no troublous thoughts of man and his destiny harass him with their inexplicable problems, no scorn and despair at the blind and helpless blundering of generation after generation through a vast and unintelligible universe, disturb his serene enjoyment of life or increase the misery of his moments of personal suffering. He is emphatically the poet of ardent passion, and that eager perception of beautiful things which accompanies enthusiastic youth. Though his conception of love is according to our modern ideas somewhat sensuous, though he has never portrayed the higher shades of the sentiment, the worship of intellectual beauty, like a Shelley or a Goethe, Catullus is far from being a poet whose sole force lies in his glorification of sensual indulgence. There is but one poem in praise of wine, and he seems to have been entirely unattracted by the topic of gastronomy, which inspired many of Horace's happiest efforts, and induced

Ennius to translate the 'Hedyphagetica.' It is true that his finished and harmonious verse can preach no gospel to an age like the present, when the freshness of youth has passed away, and criticism and analysis have taken the place of simple and unreflecting enjoyment. But this is no disparagement to him, when we reflect that he was one of those whom the gods love, and who are taken early, and it is as impossible to imagine what he might have produced when the fervency of youth had passed away, as it is to estimate the force which Byron might have displayed, had he attained the years of a Goethe. A man so hardworking and conscientious as the elaborate care bestowed on the finish of his poems proves Catullus to have been, might in time have become something more than the mere literary artist, something higher than the inspired singer of mere natural beauty. But as it is, his verse will always find its most powerful echo in the breasts of the young, though indeed from amid jarring creeds and discordant theories of society, and all the rush and turmoil of modern life, it is refreshing and good for all men to pass to the simple joys of the antique world, to 'have sight of Proteus rising from the sea, and hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn,' and revel in the pure and delicate pictures called up by the magic verse of the poet. It is through these pictures, with their brilliant though tender colouring, that the name of Catullus will, as he in the confidence of

genius expected, live through all the lapse of hoary time, and hence it is that he will be ever reckoned among the number of those bright-gleaming men of whom, as Pericles said, the whole world becomes the tomb.

CATULLUS.

CARMEN I.—TO CORNELIUS NEPOS.

To whom shall I this volume new,
Polished with pumice, smooth to view,
  Address, if not to thee,
Cornelius? for thou wert wont,
My friend, to deem of some account
  The trifles penned by me.

And thou their merit too did'st own,
When of Italians thou alone
  Did'st in three volumes dare
To write in many a learned page
The History of every age!
  Jove, what a task was there!

And so whate'er its value be,
This little book accept from me,
  Such as it is I give;
And grant, thou guardian Muse, I pray,
That when one age has passed away,
  My verses still may live.

CARMEN II.—TO LESBIA'S SPARROW.

Sparrow, my Lesbia's sweet joy,
With whom she ever loves to toy,
Or on her breast will gently lay
When she is wearied with his play,
Or merrily his beak will tease
Her finger tip to sharply seize,
When my bright darling longs to sport
Her own sweet will in merry sort,
That, as I fondly must believe,
Thus solaced she may cease to grieve,
When the fierce passion in her breast
Has spent its force and sunk to rest.
Ah ! would that I like her could play
With thee, and so could cast away
All the dark sorrows of my mind,
This were to me a boon as kind
As to the fabled flying maid
The apple golden-hued, which stayed
Her course ere yet the race was done
And loosed her long-bound virgin zone.

CARMEN III.—ELEGY ON LESBIA'S SPARROW.

Mourn, mourn ye Loves and winged Desires,
And all ye wits whom beauty fires,
My Lesbia's sparrow, lack-a-day !
The bird she loved, has passed away.
Dearer than her own eyes was he
And sweet as honey e'er could be,
And well would he his mistress know
As maid her mother, to and fro
Around her hopping he would go.
His tune would pipe alone to her,
And ne'er from off her breast would stir,
But now along that gloomy track
He goes, where none can e'er turn back.
May curses dire upon thee wait,
Thou cruel Orcus' gloomy state !
Who all things beautiful and fair
Dost ravish from the upper air.
This beauteous sparrow thou hast ta'en,
Ah ! ruthless deed to cause me pain.
Unhappy bird ! my Lesbia's eyes,
Swollen with tears which ever rise,
Are red with weeping, all for thee,
For thy fate wrought so cruelly.

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Are red with weeping, all for thee,
For thy fate wrought so cruelly.

CARMEN IV.—THE DEDICATION OF THE PINNACE.

That yacht of mine that here you see,
My friends, may boast herself to be
The swiftest of all crafts afloat,
For never yet hath any boat
Outstripped her in her rapid course
Whether propelled by rowers' force
Or whether with a full-spread sail
She flew before a favouring gale.
And this, she says, nor Hadria's shore
On which the raging billows roar,
Nor distant Rhodus' famous bay,
Nor Cyclad islands can gainsay.
This too, she says, will rugged Thrace,
Propontis, and the tides which race
Along the Pontic gulf declare,
This well doth Pontus know, for there
Of old my boat 'mid leafy trees
With foliage rustling to the breeze
Stood on Cytorus' mountain brow;
This, too, Amastris' hill doth know,
And thou, Cytorus' box-clad crest,
My skiff avers, for erst did rest
Upon thy lofty top the tree

Which made my boat, and 'twas thy sea
Which first received her plashing oar
That through the deep her master bore
Safe o'er the madly-seething seas,
Whether there piped the rising breeze
From right or left, or when the gale
Filled from both sides the swelling sail.
She says, too, that she ne'er has made
Vows to the sea-gods for their aid,
When she into this limpid mere
From furthest bounds her course did steer,
All this is o'er, now rest at last
My boat enjoys, her toils are past,
Twin Castor, dedicate is she
To thy Twin brother, and to thee.

CARMEN V.—TO LESBIA.

Let us live, my Lesbia fair,
Loving ever while we may,
Not a farthing will we care
What the surly grey-beards say,
Suns may set again to rise
But when our brief light is o'er
Endless night shall veil our eyes
Closed in sleep for evermore.
So do thou bestow on me
First a thousand kisses, then
Let the tale a hundred be,
Next a thousand give again,
Then a hundred, hurrying on,
Hundreds, thousands more bestow,
So that when our pastime's done
We may never come to know
What has been our count of joy,
Nor may envy those sweet blisses
With its evil blight destroy,
Reckoning up our tale of kisses.

CARMEN VI.—TO FLAVIUS.

Your charmer's beauty still would be,
My friend, full well I deem
Of all the talk you have with me
The everlasting theme,
Were it not that this precious maid
Has neither charms nor grace,
It must be some unhealthy jade
You love, and dare not face
My scorn, and so you never own
The love with which you burn,
But you don't spend your nights alone,
As we can well discern.
Your couch is decked with garlands rare,
And drenched with Syrian scent,
These little facts alone declare
That you on love are bent,
The pillow pressed on either side,
—'Tis useless to conceal—
The creaking bed, your restless stride
All these a tale reveal;
Your lank appearance too may show
What can not hidden be,
So let us all about her know,
Or fair or foul is she?

Tell us and I the praise will sing
Of you and her you love,
So that your fame through heaven shall ring
And reach the gods above.

CARMEN VII.—TO LESBIA.

Dost thou ask how many kisses,
Lesbia, e'er could surfeit me,
Or how soon with those sweet blisses
Satisfied my love would be?
Countless as betwixt the shrine
Of great Jove on Libya's strand
And old Battus' tomb divine
Lie the heaps of burning sand;
Countless as the stars which see
In the quiet hush of night
Lovers' joys wrought secretly
Hidden from day's garish light,
Thus unnumbered kisses, which
Curious watchers ne'er could count
Or with evil tongue bewitch
Reckoning up their full amount,
These enough for him would be
Who is mad with love for thee.

CARMEN VIII.—TO HIMSELF.

Catullus, cease thy folly, love that's gone
Look on as something lost, a joy undone,
Erst had'st thou happy days and blissful nights,
And erst the sun with added splendour shone;

When thou the favours of that maid did'st gain,
As thou lov'dst her thou ne'er shall love again,
Thy visiting feet she to her friendly house
Full oft would draw, and thou to go wert fain,

And there those merry joys to taste did'st use
Longed for by thee, and she would nought refuse,
Most brilliant shone those happy days for thee;
But now she is unkind, do thou infuse

Into thy breast a resolution stern,
And cease to follow one who will not turn,
Nor spend thy days in miserable plight,
Nor with an unrequited passion burn.

Be firm, Catullus! now my heart is strong;
Farewell false maid, for thee no more doth long
Thy former lover, nor will he ever ask
Thy favours, who hast done him grievous wrong.

But thou wilt mourn when not a single night
Catullus now thy presence will invite,
Who will approach thee? who will think thee fair?
Whom wilt thou kiss? whose amorous lips wilt bite?

Possessed by none, what kind of life for thee
Will still remain, now thou art left by me?
But thou, Catullus, 'gainst her steel thy breast,
And in thy firm resolve unshaken be.

CARMEN IX.—TO VERANNIUS.

Verannius, thou whom far above
All other friends I prize and love,
Hast thou turned home thy wandering feet
Thy household gods again to greet,
Thy aged mother's smile to see,
Thy brothers too, who longed for thee?
Thou hast come; how that news my soul
Doth gladden; thee unscathed and whole
I presently shall see again,
And hear thy talk of distant Spain,
Of actions done and peoples seen
In that far land where thou hast been,
As is thy wont, and then thy face
Shall draw to mine in close embrace,
Thy pleasant mouth and eyes shall kiss,
What rapture e'er can equal this,
E'en of the happy who can vie
With me in joy, more blest than I?

CARMEN X.—ON VARUS' MISTRESS.

I was strolling away
From the Forum one day
When Varus just asked me to step round and see
A girl that he had, and it struck me that she
Was good-looking, nice-mannered, and all she should be.
So down we all sat,
And had a long chat
About various things; amongst others about
Bithynia, and what kind of life we had led,
And whether I'd managed to squeeze money out
Of the people while there, and so on; and I said
What was really the truth, that neither myself
Nor the prætor, nor followers made any pelf,
And that when we came back, we had no better scent
On our heads than we had at the time when we went.
And our prætor, I said, was a blackguard who ne'er
For the wants of his followers took any care.
"But," said they then,
"At least you got men
As porters on journeys to carry your bed,
For from Asia first, it has always been said,
That the custom came in," "Ah well," answered I,
"The province was bad, that I cannot deny,

But not quite so bad that I could not get there,
Eight strong upright fellows to carry my chair."
    This I said, like an ass,
    Intending to pass
Myself off in the eyes of the girl as the one,
Who much better than all my companions had done.
But I hadn't a man who could put on his head,
A piece of my old broken-down truckle-bed :
Whereupon, like a regular wanton she said,
    "Catullus my friend,
    Will you just kindly lend
Me those fellows a moment, I want to attend
At Serapis's temple." "But hold on," I cried,
"I am afraid that you can't very well take a ride
In my litter ; in fact I was blundering when
I said they were mine, they are Caius's men,
Cinna Caius, my comrade, he bought them, and I
Use them too, just as if they were mine, and that's why
In talking this moment, I made the mistake,
All the same, his or mine, what odds does it make ?
    But you're so absurd,
    You scan every word,
It's a terrible bore to be taken up when
One makes a mistake, as one must now and then."

CARMEN XI.—TO FURIUS AND AURELIUS.

Aurelius my companion true,
And Furius my comrade, who
    Will ever follow me,
Whether I seek far India's land,
Where on the long-resounding strand
    Is dashed the Eastern sea.

Or whether I to Sacia go,
Or where the Parthians bend the bow,
    Or the Hyrcanian plain,
Or where the soft Arabians dwell,
Or where the Nile with seven-mouthed swell
    Colours the turbid main.

Or whether o'er the Alpine ways
I reach the land which Cæsar sways,
    Where Cæsar's triumphs shine,
Or go to farthest Britain's shore,
Where waves round barren headlands roar,
    Or to the Gallic Rhine.

With me such toils, or worse than these,
Whatever heaven's will may please
    Ye are prepared to meet.

So do ye that most faithless maid
—And let it in few words be said—
With this harsh message greet;

May she with all her lovers live,
Hundreds there are at least, and give
Favours alike to all;
Not one she really loves, but they
Are wasted in her arms away,
And on her passion pall.

Let her not dream that as of old
My love for her will ever hold,
For it long since hath died,
By her own fault, as falls a flower
Beneath the plough-share's grinding power
Upon the meadow-side.

CARMEN XII. TO ASINIUS.

Marrucinus Asinius, now listen, my friend,
When the wine and the jest round the table are going,
To most scandalous tricks your left hand do you lend,
You steal napkins from men who don't see what you're doing:
Do you think this is witty? you fool, don't you see
What a low vulgar joke we all think it to be?
You don't believe me? then ask Pollio your brother,
Who gladly with money this scandal would smother,
For he is a youth who has really a taste
For pleasantries which with refinement are graced.
So my napkin at once you will back to me send,
Or in three hundred lines I'll lampoon you, my friend.
For its value in money I do not complain
But a keepsake it is from a comrade in Spain,
My Verannius sent it from over the sea,
And Fabullus with him as a present to me,
From Setaba's town; and their gifts I must prize,
As the donors themselves are beloved in my eyes.

CARMEN XIII.—TO FABULLUS.

Right well, Fabullus, shalt thou sup with me
In no long time, if gods shall give thee aid,
Provided only that thou bring with thee
A fair rich banquet, and a blooming maid,
And wine and wit to make our laughter ring,
These things, I say, thou e'en must with thee bring
My witty friend, if thou the night would'st pass
In feasting; for Catullus' purse, alas!
Is but with cobwebs meanly furnished now.
But something in return I'll give which thou
A perfect love wilt call, or if there be
A word more sweetly framed, more daintily.
By that wilt name; it is an unguent rare
Which Jove and Venus gave my maiden fair.
When smelling it at ease thou shalt repose,
Thou'lt pray the gods to make thee wholly nose.

CARMEN XIV.—TO CALVUS LICINUS.

Did I not love you, Calvus, more
Than mine own eyes, I should abhor
Your villany with hate more dire
Than e'en Vatinius can inspire.
What did I ever do or say
That you should plague me in this way
With works of wretched poets? May

The gods send him misfortune due
Who sent this lot of trash to you;
But if as possibly may be
This choice new present is a fee
From Sulla, that pedantic ass,
Then I'll say nought, but let it pass,
And feel quite pleased that you have won
Such a reward for all you've done.
But heavens! what could make you send
To me, your most unhappy friend,
Such an accursed book as this;
Unless it were to mar my bliss,
That I might forthwith waste away
This merry Saturnalian day?
No, no, you wag, this joke won't do,
I'll have a fit revenge on you;
As soon as dawn lights up the sky
To all the book-stalls will I hie,
The Cæsii, Aquinii,
And all Suffenus will I buy,
Poisonous trash to send to you,
Thus will I work you mischief too.
Meanwhile, you pack of bards accurst
Pests of the age, of all the worst,
Begone, return unto that place
From which first swarmed your wretched race.

CARMEN XVII.—TO A COLONIA.

O Town that on a long bridge long'st to sport
And ready art to dance in merry show,
But fear'st with reason the patched-up support
That bears thy bridge, lest it should break and throw
The crazy pile of such a tottering sort
Far down into the slimy marsh below.
May a good bridge be built to pleasure thee
On which the Salian rites performed may be!

Then grant us this our sides with mirth to shake;
There is a townsman who's a perfect fool;
I want that man a somersault to make
Head over heels into the boggy pool.
Just where the slime is deepest in the lake
And smells most fetid, there his brain to cool:
In mind he's like a child of two years old,
Such as a father in his arms would hold.

He has a wife in girlhood's earliest flush,
More tender than the weanling kid is she,
Who, than ripe grapes which glow with purple flush,
Guarded and watched with greater care should be,
He lets her play, and never cares a rush,
He never stirs himself an inch, not he,

Like a felled log he dreams away his life,
For all the world as though he had no wife.

For he, the stupid oaf, sees nought, hears nought,
Whether he lives or not, he scarce doth know,
I want to send him flying, quick as thought,
Into the slimy lake that lies below,
To see if by the shock some sense be brought
Back to his brain, or else, perchance, that so
He may in mud deposit his dull mind,
As mules in claymire leave their shoes behind.

CARMEN XVIII.—THE GARDEN GOD.

I dedicate this grove to thee
Priapus, garden deity,
Who hast at Lampsacus thy seat
Thy woodland's favourite retreat,
For all the Hellespontine coast
Thee as her guardian god doth boast,
'Tis meet, for she in oysters more
Abounds than any other shore.

CARMEN XIX.—THE GARDEN GOD.

I this fair cottage mid the marshy meads
Thatched with rush-stalks, ye youths, and plaited reeds
Have nourished, and each year the place more blest
Becomes; I here am worshipped first and best,
I from an oak-log hewn with rustic skill
Stand as the guardian of this homestead still,
Father and son, the masters of this place
To me their god do ever pious grace:
The one with careful toil keeps clear my seat
From weeds and brambles rude, while presents meet
Though small the other with unstinting hand
Offers, and on my head bright blossoms stand
Firstlings of early spring, in garlands wrought
With ears of wavy corn, nor is there aught
Of beauty wanting here, the creamy gourd
And saffron violets round my shrine are poured
And poppies red, and apples too are mine,
And grapes which glow beneath the shady vine.
And sometimes too—but tell it not again—
The blood of victims doth my altar stain,
The tender kid, and goat with hornéd hoof:
For all these favours must the god show proof
Of due protection, and with ceaseless ward
Must aye the master's land and vineyard guard.

These are Priapus' duties, so avaunt,
Ye boys, and leave untouched this quiet haunt,
Pilfer elsewhere, my neighbour's garden try
For he is rich, his god stands idle by,
Take what you will from him, this pathway leads
Straight to his grounds, there satisfy your needs.

CARMEN XX. THE GARDEN GOD.

I fashioned from a poplar tree
With rustic art the field you see
That stands here on the left, I guard
In safety with due watch and ward.
I too the poor man's humble cot,
Who owns this tiny garden lot
Protect, and keep all thieves away.
And so it is that when the day
Lengthens in spring, a garland rare
Of flowers bright-tinted decks my hair.
With summer comes the reddening wheat,
And autumn brings me, as is meet,
Sweet grapes and green shoots of the vine,
In winter stands my bust divine
Encircled with the olive green:
Here too the milch-goat may be seen

Which nurtured on the grass hath been
That grows upon my fertile down,
Seeking with swollen dugs the town;
The fat lambs too come from my fold
Which fill their master's hands with gold;
The lowing cow before my fane
Shows that her calf has there been slain,
Wherefore the god you shall revere,
O traveller, and your hands from here
Refrain, you'd better, for if not
I warn you that you'll catch it hot
From this rude phallus. "'Gad," say you,
"I'd like to see what that could do."
Egad, you shall, the lusty swain
Comes, and the phallus takes amain,
In his hands wielded as a club
'Twill serve right well your sides to drub.

CARMEN XXII. TO VARRUS.

Suffenus, my friend, who is well known to you
Is chatty, a wit, and a good fellow too,
Besides he's a poet, writes lines by the score
I believe he has written ten thousand or more,
Nor are they on palimpsest scribbled, oh no!
Royal paper he uses to make a fair show.
New covers, new bosses, and strings of bright red.
The whole smoothed with pumice, the sheets ruled with lead.
But on reading on parchment Suffenus's strain
You'd think him a herdsman or ditcher again.
That man who before had shown such wide range
Of humour and polish, so great is the change.
And what is the reason of this? it is strange
That one who just now had appeared in our sight
As a wit, or aught else that's more sparkling and bright,
Should as soon as to verses he gives up his mind
Become stupider far than the stupidest hind.
Yet he's never so happy as when he's inditing
Some lines he thinks good in the poem he's writing.
So much his own powers delight him and ever
He feels boundless surprise to find out he's so clever.
We're all of us dupes, we're all like Suffenus,
We have ne'er seen ourselves as others have seen us;
Others' faults we can scan, but we're perfectly blind
To the wallet that holds our own failings behind.

CARMEN XXIII. TO FURIUS.

You Furius who nothing have got in your house
Neither coffer nor slave, not a bug or a louse,
Not a spider or fire, but a father alone,
With his partner whose teeth could demolish a stone,
With him as companion, how charming your life,
With him, and that dried piece of timber his wife.
Indeed it's no wonder, there can be no question,
That your health's very good, and so's your digestion.
You have no dread of ruin, of arson no fears,
Nor of horrible crimes such as poisonous snares,
All terror of danger you're able to scorn
For you've bodies more dry than the driest of horn,
Hardened through by the sun, and by cold and starvation,
Of course you are happy, you've no perspiration,
No colds and no sneezing, your functions are good,
Your stomach ne'er suffers from plethora of food.
So don't let these blessings seem small in your eyes
Nor all those advantages think to despise.
And for those hundred sesterces care not to pray
As your wont is, you're happy enough in your way.

CARMEN XXIV. TO JUVENTIUS.

The tender flower most fair to see
Of all thy race that e'er will be,
Or now are or have been, thou art,
Why would'st thou throw away thy heart?
'Twere better all my paltry pelf
To give to him, but not thyself
For he has neither slave nor coffer,
Nothing in fact has he to offer;
But what a handsome face he's got!
You'll say, well, I deny it not,
About his beauty you may rave,
But where's his coffer or his slave?
You may despise the words I proffer,
Still—he has neither slave nor coffer.

CARMEN XXV. TO THALLUS.

Voluptuous Thallus, you who softer far
Than down of goose or fur of rabbit are
Or than a spider's web or tip of ear,
Yet more rapacious do to me appear
Than a wild storm blast, when like gulls in shape
You're shown your hapless victims all agape.

Send back my Thynian tablets which you took,
My Spanish napkin and my stolen cloak.
Which you, vain fool, show plainly to men's view
As though as heirlooms they had come to you.
From thievish nails unglue them, and restore
These things to me, lest the sharp whip should score
Disgraceful marks upon your smooth-skinned back
And tender flanks, and you the torture rack,
Till in unwonted pain you toss and rave,
Like tiny bark upon the boiling wave.

CARMEN XXVI. TO FURIUS.

My villa, Furius, is not set
'Gainst the south-western air,
Nor 'gainst the north, nor east, nor yet
Against the zephyr fair.
But 'gainst a bond in legal form
My villa's set, ah me!
That needs must a most fatal storm
A wind unhealthy be!

CARMEN XXVII. TO HIS CUP BEARER.

Boy, thou minister of pleasure,
With the old Falernian draught,
Fill me up a stronger measure
Stronger than was ever quaffed.
Postuma our mistress fair
Who's as drunk as any seed
Which the purple grape doth bear
So commands, and we must heed.
Water, thou of wine the bane
Go where'er it pleases thee,
Hence, and join the sober train,
Pure our Bacchic draught shall be.

CARMEN XXVIII. TO VERANNIUS AND FABULLUS.

Companions of Piso, a suite empty-handed,
With that screw of a prætor unhappily banded,
You've not had enough then of cold and starvation ;—
The baggage you carry to my observation
Looks handy but light ; come, my friends, don't refuse,
Verannius, Fabullus, come tell me the news,
How much of your profit is entered as spent ?
You've had my bad fortune, for when I was sent

With my prætor, my money and I were soon parted,
And I came back alas! much worse off than I started.
O Memmius, you treated me finely, you brute,
And you, my friends, seem to have quite followed suit,
For with no less a rascal you've now had to do;
Seek to know noble friends after this! and may you
Be by all gods and goddesses plagued, the disgrace
Of Remus' and Romulus' once noble race.

CARMEN XXIX.—ON CÆSAR.

Who can see this, or who can bear
That it should be Mamurra's share
To have what long-haired Gaul can give,
Or the far land where Britons live,
Unless indeed a glutton he,
Gambler or shameless wretch should be!
Lascivious Romulus, dost thou,
Behold all this with tranquil brow?
A glutton and a gambler, too, thou art,
A shameless villain, reprobate at heart.

And shall that wretch with haughty gait,
Exulting in his lofty state,
Around our marriage couches rove
Like some Adonis, or the dove

Of beauteous Venus, which she sends,
When she men's minds to passion bends?
Lascivious Cæsar, wilt thou see
All this, and suffer it to be?
A glutton and a gambler, too, thou art,
A shameless villain, reprobate at heart.

Was it that worn-out lecher's taste,
To please that thou the farthest west
Did'st visit, e'en to Britain's strand?
Thou to whose mandate every land
Doth listen, whom alone obey
All nations; well, perhaps thou'lt say,
What matters it if it be so?
He wastes a little, that I know.
Dost thou not see thy bounty is misplaced?
Dost thou not know how terrible his waste?

First his ancestral wealth was spent,
And then the spoils of Pontus went,
The riches then Iberia bore,
Which came from Tagus' golden shore;
Both Gaul and Briton dread his name,
Why court the fellow to your shame?
What talent has the man, or power,
Save patrimonies to devour?
Was it for this that you the mighty world,
Father and son-in-law, to ruin hurled?

CARMEN XXX.—TO ALPHENUS.

Alphenus, who with still forgetful heart
To thy companions true most treacherous art,
Hast thou no longer pity in thy breast
For thy sweet friend, of friends to thee the best?
Me to betray thou dost not hesitate,
With guile and falseness, but the great gods hate
The impious actions of deceitful men;
But thou unheeding art, and reck'st not when
Thou leavest me, deserted in my woe.
But now, alas! what trust can men e'er know!
O cruel one, for erst thou badest me
Surrender my whole trustful soul to thee,
Thou lured'st me to love as though no fear
Of change could ever come, but now appear
Thy fickleness and perfidy, for thou
From me back shrinkest with aversion now,
And all that thou didst do or idly swear,
Is scattered to the vain and wandering air.
Thou hast forgotten, but the high gods ne'er
Forget, nor outraged Faith who in due course
Will plague thy crimes with pitiless remorse.

CARMEN XXXI.—TO SIRMIO.

Sirmio, fairest of all isles that be,
  Or all peninsulas that ocean laves,
Whether around them roll the mighty sea,
    Or a lake's placid waves.

Thee with what joy, what rapture do I view,
  Returned from Thynia and Bithynia's plain!
I scarce can credit that the bliss is true,
    Thee to behold again.

O, what more blessed is than labours past!
  In weary wanderings abroad we roam,
Then spent with toil we come again at last
    Seeking our rest at home.

This for our toils the sole reward is found,
  Hail, lovely Sirmio, and thou Lydian mere!
And now, my home, let all thy laughter sound,
    Now is thy master here.

CARMEN XXXIV.—TO DIANA.

Youths and maidens, chaste and pure,
From Diana we have found
Bounty and protection sure,
Let us then her praises sound;
Hear us, goddess, from above,
Progeny of mighty Jove.

Thee Latona erst did bear
By the Delian olive tree,
That thou mightest, goddess fair,
Mistress of all mountains be,
Of dense groves, of sounding streams,
And of woods' bright leafy gleams.

In the midst of childbirth's smart
Women ever call on thee,
Thou the mighty Trivia art,
Luna thou art said to be,
Luna excellently bright
Shining with a borrowed light.

Thou dost monthly wax and wane,
Seasons year by year dost measure,
Thou dost fill men's homes with grain,
Fruitful harvest's golden treasure,

Goddess now propitious be,
Hear us when we call on thee.

By whatever holy name
Thou preferrest, hear our prayer,
Keep the mighty Roman fame,
As of yore with fostering care,
And protect with guardian grace
From all foes the Roman race.

CARMEN XXXV.—INVITATION TO CÆCILIUS.

Tell to Cæcilius my friend
Thou letter which to him I send,
Tell that sweet child of poetry
That he must to Verona hie,
And leave the walls which Como's waters lave,
The town which overlooks the Larian wave.

Our common friend has to impart
Some thoughts which he must take to heart,
Wherefore if he be wise indeed
He will at once with restless speed
Haste hither, though that lovely maid should pray,
And tempt him, clinging round his neck, to stay.

Or call him as he starts to go,
For if what men relate be so,
She now is pining fast away
With love, for since he read his lay
Of Cybele the great Dindymian queen,
The hapless girl, they say, consumed hath been

With passion, and from out her breast
Hath fled for aye her wonted rest;
Poor maiden! thee I can excuse
More learned than the Sapphic muse,
For my Cæcilius with his charmèd tongue
Hath nobly of the mighty mother sung.

CARMEN XXXVI.—ON VOLUSIUS' ANNALS.

Volusius' Annals, of all books the worst,
Assist me in this, O ye volumes accurst,
And fulfil for my damsel a vow which she swore
That if Venus and Cupid would ever restore
To her arms me her lover, and make me cease writing
Those iambics I scribble remorseless and biting
With their truculent wit, she would make a selection
Of the worst poet's works that were in her collection,
And burn them an offering to Vulcan the lame,
While from unlucky wood should be kindled the flame.

Now her humourous vow to accomplish she sees
That these volumes must go—the worst written are these—
So now, thou fair goddess, the child of the waves,
Who frequentest the harbour which Hadria laves
And Cnidus the reedy, and Syria's plain,
And in Golgi and Amathus guardest thy fame,
Who in holy Idalium keepest thy seat,
Whom Ancona as guardian goddess doth greet,
Let such a fulfilment find grace in thy eyes
Of the vow my girl made, if thou do not despise
This our jesting, nor find it with humour ungraced,
Nor wanting refinement and elegant taste,
Meanwhile to the flames, wretched verses, with you,
Volusius' Annals, most hateful to view,
Full of boorish conceits and stupidity too.

CARMEN XXXVIII. TO CORNIFICIUS.

Cornificius, thy sick friend
Woes and troubles without end
Harass without increasing weight,
And each day each hour my fate
Darker, darker still doth grow:
Thou the while to still my woe

Not one line hast sent to me,
Not one word of sympathy,
Yet for thee an easy task
Is this trifling boon I ask;
I am wroth that thou should'st leave
Me thy friend alone to grieve,
And thus treat my tale of love,
Though thy words more mournful prove
Than Simonides' sad strain
Even that would ease my pain.

CARMEN XXXIX. ON EGNATIUS.

Egnatius' teeth are very white,
And so he grins both day and night,
E'en when he to the court repairs
Where some great speaker moves to tears
He grins, or at a scene of woe,
Where some fond son is lying low
Upon the funeral pile, and where
The mother weeps bereft of all
Her one son lost, he grins e'en there
So that whate'er chance befall
Whate'er he do, where'er he be
He ever grins incessantly.

This seems a species of disease,
But vulgar 'tis, and does not please;
So now Egnatius, worthy friend,
To my advice and words attend.
Had you been born in mighty Rome,
Or even had from Tibur come,
Or were a fat Etruscan, or
A Sabine, or an Umbrian boar,
Or a Lanuvian dark in hue,
With monstrous teeth that strike the view,
Or Transpadane, e'en these I'll name
Whom I as countrymen can claim,
Or were of any country where
Men's teeth are cleansed with water fair,
E'en then you should that grin forego.
Than stupid laughter naught can show
More stupid, but you've come from Spain,
And Spaniards as is known are fain
Their scarlet gums and teeth to clean
With stinking water, so 'tis seen
That when your teeth most brightly shine
'Tis clear you've drunk of filthy brine.

CARMEN XL. TO RAVIDUS.

Say, Ravidus, what madness dire
Thy senseless bosom doth inspire
My verses to provoke?
Thee to this reckless combat now
What counselling god doth urge whom thou
Not wisely did'st invoke?

Is it that men should speak of thee,
That thou the common talk should'st be?
Well it shall e'en be so,
The maid I loved 'twas thy intent
To win, so lasting punishment
On thee will I bestow.

CARMEN XLII.

Come hither, my verses, attend to my call
Come hither from all sides, come one and come all:
Your tablets this wanton has taken away,
Such a trick upon me she thought proper to play,
You can't quite stand this; so pursue her, I pray,
And demand them all back; who is it? you say,
Why that jade over there
Strutting on with an air

Most farcical, casting her smiles all around
And showing her teeth like a Gaulish-bred hound.
So stand round her and bawl,
Verses mine, one and all.
Give the tablets, you jade,
Give the tablets, you jade,
You don't care a farthing, you don't feel afraid?
Oh you base lump of mud, oh you wanton accursed!
Or aught else that is violent and lowest and worst,
This will not be enough, but at least one may place
A blush on the cheeks of her brazen dog's face.
So with yet louder shouting come round to my aid,
Give the tablets, you jade,
Give the tablets, you jade.
But this is no good, no effect we have made
So we'll just change our method and plan of attack
To see if thereby we can win the books back.
And so we will say
In quite a changed way
Give the tablets, fair maid,
Virgin modest and staid.

CARMEN XLIII. ON MAMURRA'S MISTRESS.

Thou wench with slobbering mouth, and tongue not neat,
With eyes by no means black, and monstrous feet,
With nose too big, with fingers short and snub,
The Formian's mistress, does the province dub
Thee their prime beauty, do the people dare
Thee with my lovely Lesbia to compare ?
O senseless age, blinded to what is fair !

CARMEN XLIV. TO HIS FARM.

My homestead which on Sabine ground
Art built, or in Tiburtine bound,
For those who wish to please my heart
Give out that thou Tiburtine art.
While those who wish to cause me pain
For any wager will maintain
That thou art Sabine, but for this
I care not to dispute, what bliss
It was thy house again to view !
For then my health had suffered too,
And I had come there to shake off
What I had long endured, a cough,
Which from too sumptuous feasts, on me
Had come not undeservedly.

For Sextianus, when indeed
I wished to eat, to me *would* read
His speech 'gainst Antius full of stuff,
Pestilent and poisonous enough.
So thus a chilling cold I took,
A racking cough my whole frame shook,
Which flying to thy soothing breast
I cured with nettle tea and rest.
So now to thee my thanks I give
That I unvexed by cough can live,
And that thou hast not on me sent
For this my fault due punishment.
But do not thou thy wrath forego ;
That hacking cough and cold bestow
On Sestius, not on me, if e'er
I go again his works to hear,
He ne'er invites me to a feed
But when he's got some trash to read.

CARMEN XLV.—ON ACME AND SEPTIMIUS.

"My Acme," thus Septimius cried,
Holding the fair one to his breast,
"If thee I love not, darling bride,
With passion's maddening force possest,
And so will love through life's long span
As fondly as a lover can;
Then may I on the Libyan strand,
Or in the parched-up Indian land,
The tawny-eyed fierce lion's glare
Confront, while none stand by me there:"
As from the left before Love sneezed assent,
Now from the right the favouring sound was sent.

Then Acme bending back her head
And kissing the love-drunken eyes
Of the fond youth as thus he said
With her sweet roseate mouth, replies:
'O Septimillus, darling mine,
Who art my life, as I am thine,
Let love alone our master be,
As my soft bosom burns for thee
With mightier power than thou can'st know
Of passion's deep entrancing glow;"
As from the left before Love sneezed assent,
Now from the right the favouring sound was sent.

Thus hath their love with omen fair
Set out upon its happy way,
Loving and loved, the doting pair
Live 'neath a mutual passion's sway;
The love-sick youth doth prize still more,
Than Syria's clime or Briton's shore,
His Acme's charms, while her fond breast
Faithful in love to him doth rest,
In him she joys, and by his side,
Are all her longings satisfied;
What pair more blest than they hath ever been,
Or when hath more auspicious love been seen?

CARMEN XLVI.—ON THE COMING OF SPRING.
(*Addressed to himself.*)

With spring returned now genial days are seen,
The sky which erst with fury fierce had raged
'Neath equinoctial gales, now shines serene
By Zephyr's balmy whispering breath assuaged.

Now, O Catullus, leave the Phrygian plain,
And where Nicæa's sultry land doth lie,
Whose fertile fields are crowned with wealth of grain,
And to fair Asia's famous cities fly.

Now runs through all my longing mind a thrill,
A thrill of hope and eagerness to start,
My joyful feet with thirst of travel still
Grow strong beneath me ready to depart.

Now farewell ye, my comrades true and tried,
With whom from our far-distant home abodes,
I erst set out for Asia side by side,
Now we return by many diverse roads.

CARMEN XLVII.—TO PORCIUS AND SOCRATION.

Porcius, Socration, you two
Belonging to the scurvy crew
That follow Piso's train,
You, too, who are of Memmius' band,
Starvation under his command
Is all the pelf you gain.
Does that Priapus you prefer
To my Verannius, and to dear
Fabullus, friend of mine?
Do you fare richly every day,
While in the street my friends must pray
To be asked out to dine?

CARMEN XLVIII.—TO JUVENTIUS.

Were I permitted at my will,
Juventius, thy sweet eyes to kiss,
I could with thousands take my fill,
Nor should I sated be with bliss:
Nor would my heart e'er surfeit know
E'en if our crop of kissing yield
More than the stalks in densest row
Which stand along the harvest field.

CARMEN XLIX.—TO M. T. CICERO.

Most eloquent of Roman race,
Great Marcus Tullius, to thee
Catullus sends most heartily
These words of thanks for all thy grace.

As thou of orators the first,
Of all that are or e'er shall be,
Or yet have been, art held, so he
Is of all rhyming bards the worst.

CARMEN L.—TO LICINIUS.

Licinius, yesterday we twain
For idle pastime met
As was agreed, and many a strain
And jest on tablet set,
In any measure that might be
Full many a witty line
We penned 'mid mirth and repartee
And brimming draughts of wine;
Fired with the wit and fancy gay,
Which all thy talk had graced,
When I departed on my way
Food had no longer taste;
Sleep from my wearied eyelids fled,
And through the livelong night
I tossed upon a restless bed
Longing for morning light,
That I might see thee once again
Once more those joys might find;
So when o'er wearied with the strain
My limbs half-dead reclined,
'Twas then that I composed, my friend,
Dearest of all to me,
This poem which to thee I send
That thou my grief may'st see,

And now, thou apple of mine eye,
Of haughtiness beware,
Take heed how thou my wish deny,
And flout my humble prayer.
Do not great Nemesis offend,
A goddess dread is she,
Lest she in anger dire should send
A punishment on thee.

CARMEN LI.— TO LESBIA.

Blest as the gods that man I deem
Or e'en more blest he well might seem,
Who sitting face to face with thee
Thy beauty through the day may see
And hear thy laughter rippling gay,
Which all my senses wiled away.

For when my Lesbia's charms I view
A subtle flame my body through
Flows, and the voice forsakes my tongue
While in my tingling ears are rung
A murmuring sound, and my dazed sight
Is veiled in shades of darkest night.

. . . . . .

CARMEN LII.—ON STRUMA AND VATINIUS.

(*Addressed to himself.*)

Ah why to die dost hesitate,
Catullus? thou hast lived too late.
Nonius in the curule chair
Sits, and thou hear'st Vatinius swear
His false oath by the time when he
Seated in consul's chair shall be.
Why is it then, Catullus, why
That thou dost still delay to die?

CARMEN LIII.—ON CALVUS.

I laughed when Calvus his great speech pronounced,
And fervently Vatinius' crimes denounced,
For some one standing in amongst the crowd
Raised both his hands, and wondering cried aloud,
"Ye mighty gods, what learning here I see,
A clever little puppet sure is he!"

CARMEN LV.—TO CAMERIUS.

Now tell me, Camerius, my friend, if you please
Where the hiding place is where you lurk at your ease,
I looking for you through the Campus did rove
Through the Circus, the book-shops, the temple of Jove,
And the walk made by Pompey, and every gay maid
Though they faced me sedately I questioned, and said
"Give me back my Camerius," thus did I cry,
"You naughtiest of girls;" whereat one passing by
Showed her fair naked bosom, and "here," did she say,
"'Mid such roses your lost friend lies hid all the day;"
'Tis a Hercules' toil with you longer to bear,
Far too proud you would be to receive visits there.
So out with it boldly, and trust it to me,
And tell me the place where you're likely to be,
Do some milky-white girls you in bondage detain?
If you keep your lips closed what avails it to gain
All love's fruits, for these triumphs are made to be sung,
And Venus delights in a loud-tattling tongue;
But still if you like, keep your mouth shut with care
If but in your confidence I have a share;
If I were as swift as that guardian of Crete,
Huge Talus, or Perseus, with wing'd sandall'd feet,
Or a Pegasus flying, or Ladas were I,
Or with Rhesus's snowy-white horses could vie,

Or had I the fleetness of those living things
With lightness endowed, and with feet clad with wings,
Or could I outstrip the wild tempests which blow
Or could you, Camerius, on me bestow
The swiftness of winds yoked together, e'en so
My limbs would all fail me, nor could I pursue,
Eaten up with fatigue, the long hunt after you.

CARMEN LVII.—ON MAMURRA AND CÆSAR. ✓

Well matched are seen that infamous pair
Mamurra, Cæsar; both do bear
  The marks of guilty love;
One for his crimes the City sought
The other Formiæ, nor shall aught
  Those deep-stamped scars remove.

Lustful alike, in learning too
They dabble, one could never view
  Such a well-mated pair,
The other neither can excel
In vices which both love so well,
  Rivals of maidens fair!

CARMEN LVIII.—TO CALIUS ON LESBIA.

My Lesbia, Cœlius, oh my Lesbia fair,
For whom in days gone by I once did bear
So great a love that not my life could be
Or my own kindred half so dear to me,
Now in side alleys and through streets doth rove
And all those charms which erst called forth my love,
Sells for the Roman populace to view,
Remus' descendants, that most high souled crew.

CARMEN LIX.—ON RUFA AND RUFULUS.

Does Bononian Rufa that wretched old soul
The wife of Menenius Rufus cajole?
Whom oft when in burial-grounds she would steal
What would make the poor wretch but a miserable meal
We have seen snatching bread as it fell from the pile
And by half-shaved corpse-burners be beaten the while.

CARMEN LX.

Was it a lioness on the Libyan hills
Or barking Scylla dog-like shaped below
That bore thee with a mind so steeled 'gainst ills
That thou in all extremity of woe
A suppliant voice despisest; oh, thou art
Unfeeling, harsh, and of most cruel heart.

CARMEN LXI.—ON THE MARRIAGE OF JULIA AND MANLIUS.

O thou who aye thy lofty seat
On Helicon's high summit makest,
Urania's offspring, who to greet
Her husband's passion rudely takest
From her lov'd home the virgin fair,
Hear us, O Hymen, Hymenæus hear. (1)

Thy temples with a wreath surround
Of marjoram's bloom with odour sweet;
With flame-red nuptial veil be bound (2)
Thy head, and on thy snowy feet
The saffron-coloured slipper wear,
And hither joyful come our bliss to share.

Do thou on this blithe day rejoice,
And nuptial songs with us resound,
In chorus with thy shrill toned voice,
And beat with dancing feet the ground,
And o'er our merriment to shine
Shake in thy hands the flaming torch of pine.

For now with omen good doth come
Julia, Manlius' bride to be,
Arrayed in all her beauty's bloom,
Such as great Venus wore when she
The queen of high Idalium came,
The prize of beauty from her judge to claim. (3)

Like to the myrtle which doth grow
Upon the distant Asian strand,
And flowering shoots abroad doth throw,
Which the fair Hamadryad band
Nourish in sport with honey dew,—
So Julia comes most lovely to the view.

Come hither, then, thine advent make,
O Hymen, where for thee we cry,
The dark Aonian caves forsake
Which 'neath the Thespian rocks do lie, (4)
The rocks which Aganippe's wave
With current icy chill doth ever lave.

And summon her whose soul doth beat
With longing for her new-made lord,
As mistress now her home to greet,
Her heart fast binding with the cord
Of love, as with her wandering grace
The clinging ivy doth a tree embrace.

And ye, too, virgins chaste and pure,
Come join with us, and raise your song,
For you a day like this will sure
Approach, nor will the time be long,
And, Hymen, sing in measure clear,
Hear us, O Hymen, Hymenæus hear.

That so the god, while thus we sing,
May hear the cry which calls him near
For his own rite, and joyful bring
His presence to confirm us here,
Of Venus chaste is he the guide,
By him the bands of honest love are tied.

What god should be preferred to thee,
Of all the gods who dwell in heaven,
By lovers? or to whom should be
By all men vows more earnest given?
O Hymenæus, now draw near,
Hear us, O Hymen, Hymenæus hear.

To thee the parent still doth cry,
Whose anxious mind can know no rest,
To thee the maiden doth untie
Her virgin zone from off her breast,
For thee, too, while he shrinks with fear,
The new-made husband lists with eager ear;

Thou placest 'neath the guardian power
Of a fond spouse the youthful bride,
Robed in pure beauty like a flower,
Whom nestling by her mother's side,
From her own mother thou dost tear;
Hear us, O Hymen, Hymenæus hear.

No blessing sooth can Venus take
Such as an honest fame approves,
Without thine aid the bond to make
The bond which bindeth mutual loves,
But with thine aid all joys can be,
What god can ever be compared with thee?

No house can children rear to grace
The glories of an ancient line,
No parent can prolong his race
In sons without thine aid divine;
But with thine aid all this can be,
What god can ever be compared with thee?

The impious land which doth not know
Thy holy rite can set no guard
Of warriors to repel the foe (5)
And keep her bounds with constant ward,
But with thine aid this too can be,
What god can ever be compared with thee?

The closéd portals wide undo,
Behold the virgin now is there,
How gleam the torches to our view,
See how they shake their glittering hair,
But hasten now, for wanes the day,
Come forth, thou lovely bride, no more delay.

The virgin lingers in her bower,
The voice of shame alone she hears;
Our songs she heeds not, and the hour
When she must go is fraught with tears:
But hasten now, for wanes the day,
Come forth, thou lovely bride, no more delay.

Cease, cease, those idle tears to shed
Aurunculeia, for to thee
Ne'er need there come a haunting dread
Lest one more fairly formed should see
The sun from out the purple main
Arise to bring the light of day again.

As in a rich man's garden rare,
Where many a varied flower doth blow,
The hyacinth stands erect and fair,
So fair thy beauty's grace doth show,
But hasten now, for wanes the day,
Come forth, thou lovely bride, no more delay.

Come forth, come forth, thou lovely bride,
If come thou wilt, for we have long
Stood here thy coming to abide,
Come forth, fair bride, and hear our song,
See how the torches for thee glare
And glittering shake aloft their golden hair.

Ne'er shall thy husband fickle prove
Disgracing thy heart's lavished treasure,
Or bring foul scandal on thy love
By seeking base adulterous pleasure,
Ne'er will he wish his head to rest
Elsewhere than on thy gentle swelling breast.

Like as the slowly-growing vine
'Mid sheltering trees round every limb
Her clinging branches doth entwine,
So shall thy arms encircle him ;
But hasten now, for wanes the day,
Come forth, thou lovely bride, no more delay.

O bed that gleam'st with ivory feet,
What joys ere long thy lord shall know
By day when burns the noontide heat
Or as the night hours fleeting go !
But hasten now, for wanes the day,
Come forth, thou lovely bride, no more delay.

Now let the torch uplifted burn
Ye youths, the bride's veil sweeping long
In near approach I can discern,
And in due measure chaunt your song,
O Hymen, Hymenæus sing,
All blessings, Hymen, Hymenæus, bring.

Now round Fescennine jest may go (6)
The forward lay of marriage joys,
Now let the favoured slave bestow
The nuts among the laughing boys,
For now from him that love hath flown,
His master's love which erst was all his own.

Thou pampered slave, the nuts away
—Poor playthings—to the children cast.
Enough thy master once did play
With nuts, now these delights are past,
'Tis Hymen now his lord must be,
Throw nuts, thou youth, this task is meet for thee.

Thou didst despise the country-slaves
But yesterday, but now no more,
For now thy face the curler shaves,
Thy time is past, thy reign is o'er,
Alas for all thy vanished joys !
Throw nuts, poor pampered youth, among the boys.

Of thee it may be men will say
That thou can'st scarcely yet abstain,
Thou perfumed bridegroom, spruce and gay,
From loves unmeet, but still refrain,
O Hymenæus, be thou near,
Hear us, O Hymen, Hymenæus hear !

We know thou did'st in wonted fashion
Delight in what was harmless once,
But in a husband's heart one passion
Alone must live, all else renounce,
O Hymenæus, be thou near,
Hear us, O Hymen, Hymenæus hear!

Nor yet do thou, fair bride, deny
The husband's right which is his joy,
Lest he to other loves should fly
Deserting thee for maids less coy,
O Hymenæus be thou near,
Hear us, O Hymen, Hymenæus hear!

See, Julia, see, how richly blest
Is thy lord's house of high degree,
And of what wealth and power possest,
All these will service do to thee.
O Hymenæus be thou near,
Hear us, O Hymen, Hymenæus hear!

Until old age when time hath sped,
Whose brows with hoary locks are crowned,
With palsied gesture shake her head
And nod assent to all around,
O Hymenæus be thou near,
Hear us, O Hymen, Hymenæus hear!

And now approach with omen fair
Thy golden feet in nuptial state
Over the threshold safely bear, (7)
And enter by the polished gate.
O Hymenæus, be thou near,
Hear us, O Hymen, Hymenæus hear!

See on the Tyrian-tinted couch,
Within the doors thy lord reclining,
For thee he longs, for thy approach
With sick desire his soul is pining,
O Hymenæus, be thou near,
Hear us, O Hymen, Hymenæus hear!

The passion which thy breast doth move
Thy lord with deeper feeling knows,
And with consuming flames of love
His inmost bosom warmer glows;
O Hymenæus, be thou near,
Hear us O Hymen, Hymenæus hear!

The bride's round arm no more restrain,
Thou youth, who her from home hast led,
Let her approach with all her train
Unto her husband's marriage bed;
O Hymenæus, be thou near,
Hear us O Hymen, Hymenæus hear!

Ye matrons, too, whose faith long tried
Your aged husbands can avouch,
Your duty 'tis the youthful bride
To lay upon the nuptial couch.
O Hymenæus, be thou near,
Hear us, O Hymen, Hymenæus hear!

Husband, thou may'st with eager feet
Come hither, now thy wife is laid
Upon the couch thy love to greet,
Like some rare flower in bloom arrayed,
Like the parthenium glows her face,
Or like the saffron poppy's radiant grace.

And thou, too, by the gods I swear,
By all the gods that dwell in heaven,
Thou, bridegroom, too, art not less fair,
To thee hath Venus favour given,
But hasten now, for wanes the day,
The chamber enter, make no more delay.

In truth thou hast not long delayed,
Already art thou here, and now
May kindly Venus give thee aid
Propitious, as is meet, for thou
What thy heart longs for boldly takest,
And of thy honest love no secret makest.

Let him first count the sands that lie
Heaped up by the Erythrian sea,
Let him first through the glittering sky
Compute how many stars there be,
Whoe'er a reckoning would make
Of all the thousand joys which ye shall take.

So take your joys with mutual flame,
Let children be anon begotten,
It is not meet that ancient name
For lack of heirs should pass forgotten,
But may the line unbroken run
From that same stock by which it was begun.

And soon to greet my longing eyes
May I a young Torquatus see,
As on his mother's lap he lies
Stretch forth his little hands in glee,
With sweet half-opened lips the while
His father's gaze he answers with a smile.

And may I noble Manlius' mien
In all his childish features trace,
That e'en by strangers may be seen
The likeness to his father's face,
And so his countenance may be
The sign of his own mother's chastity.

May he of such a mother born
Reap the rich meed of generous fame,
Such as of old did once adorn
Telemachus of spotless name, (8)
Through his great mother famed was he,
Ulysses' peerless wife, Penelope.

Now close the door ye virgins fair
Enough we've sported: make an end.
To you, good luck, ye married pair,
May blessings on your love attend,
And without stint your hours employ
In lusty youth's delights and passion's joy.

CARMEN LXII.—NUPTIAL SONG.

YOUTHS.

Lo! Hesperus is here, ye youths, arise,
His longed-for light now glitters in the skies;
Now is the time to leave the rich-spread feast,
For o'er Olympus shines he in the east,
Now will the virgin come, now raise the song,
Let Hymen's praises sound the fields along.
Come Hymen, Hymenæus present be,
When ardent lovers call aloud on thee.

MAIDENS.

Maidens arise, the youths in chorus see,
Arise, o'er Æta glimmers Hesper's fire, (1)
Look how they rush to sound their melody,
Some worthy subject will their strains inspire,
Come Hymen, Hymenæus present be,
When ardent lovers call aloud on thee.

YOUTHS.

No easy victory is ours, my friends,
Behold how every maid her power bends
Recalling inwardly her studied strain;
Nor is the labour which they spend in vain,
They have, I doubt not, found some worthy theme
Such as may well their earnest thought beseem,
While we this way and that divide our minds,
So shall we fail, for labour victory finds,
So let your minds with theirs in contest vie,
For they will sing and we must e'en reply.
Come Hymen, Hymenæus present be,
When ardent lovers call aloud on thee.

MAIDENS.

Than thee no star more harsh the heavens bear
Who from her mother's arms the maid dost tear

May he of such a mother born
  Reap the rich meed of generous fame,
Such as of old did once adorn
  Telemachus of spotless name, (8)
Through his great mother famed was he,
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  When ardent lovers call aloud on thee.

MAIDENS.

Than thee no star more harsh the heavens bear
Who from her mother's arms the maid dost tear

Bright Hesper, and for her feel'st nought of ruth
But giv'st her shrinking to the eager youth,
Than these could happen no more direful woes
In captured city sacked by angry foes.
  Come Hymen, Hymenæus present be,
  When ardent lovers call aloud on thee.

YOUTHS.

Than thee no star more pleasant can be seen
In heaven's vault, who joinest with thy sheen
The wedding bands which parents first have made,
For not before thy fires arise to aid
Can Hymen's knot be tied; what hour more blest
Than that is given by gods to mortal breast?
  Come Hymen, Hymenæus present be,
  When ardent lovers call aloud on thee.

MAIDENS.

Lo! one of our companions now hath left,
Taken by Hesper, ah! the cruel theft;
When Hesper comes, the guardians watchful stand,
For prowling lovers always choose the night
And oft times Hesper sees the spoilers' band
When he returning brings the morning light. (2)
  Come Hymen, Hymenæus present be,
  When ardent lovers call aloud on thee.

YOUTHS.

The maids profess that they the star revile,
What if they really long for him the while?
  Come Hymen, Hymenæus present be,
  When ardent lovers call aloud on thee.

MAIDENS.

As in a garden hid a flow'ret grows (3)
Which no plough strikes, on which no cattle browse,
But strengthened by the sun's most genial care
And daily freshened by the gentle air,
And nurtured by the tender showers which fall,
Is sought by youths, longed for by maidens all,
So while the virgin yet untouched remains
Dear is she held in all domestic ties,
But when her blighted flower her body stains
For her no youth is fired, or maiden sighs.
  Come Hymen, Hymenæus present be,
  When ardent lovers call aloud on thee.

YOUTHS.

As in a bare field an unwedded vine
Ne'er lifts her head, or yields the mellow fruit,
But her frail body doth her weight decline
Till e'en the topmost twig can touch the root,

For her no rustics toil, or herdsmen care ;
But if to her be joined in wedlock fair
Some husband elm to hold her lest she fall,
Cherished she stands by hinds and herdsmen all.
Thus if the maiden still untouched remains
Then she a sad old age uncared for gains.
But if she wedded be in season due
Then her with more love will her husband view,
And less the maid will to her mother be
Object of scorn and hateful jealousy :
Then do not thou 'gainst such a husband strive
With him thy father's self gives thee to wive,
Thy mother, too, whose words thou must obey,
Nor is it right such bidding to gainsay.
Remember that thou art not all thine own,
Two shares thy parents have, a third alone
Is thine ; forbear against their will to fight,
Thy lord succeeds now to thy parent's right. (4)
Come Hymen, Hymenæus present be,
When ardent lovers call aloud on thee.

CARMEN LXIII.—ATYS.

Atys borne in swiftly-flying bark over depths unfathomable
Reached the Phrygian grove with eager footstep hurrying passionately,
And approached the haunt of Cybele girt about with forests darkening.
There with furious madness raging all his mind bewildered wandering
He with flintstone sharpened cut and dashed to the ground his part of manhood :
Then a woman made, she felt her limbs grow weak with effeminacy,
While the ground with gore bedabbled showed the red blood-stain freshly shed,
She with snow-white hands the timbrel seized, O thou mighty mother Cybele,
Thine the timbrel, thine the trumpet, symbols of thy initiation,
And with tender fingers smiting on the hollow resonant bull's hide,
Thus began to her companions with wild tones thrillingly quivering :
" Come ye Gallæ, me attend ye to the groves of great Cybele,
Go ye, too, wild wandering herds of our dread goddess Dindymian,
Ye who, as a tribe of exiles seek far regions inhospitable,

Have my rule and guidance followed, O my comrades to me devoted,
Who have crossed careering billows, and the boisterous waste of sea,
And from utter hate of Venus have your bodies emasculated.
Now rejoice our mighty mistress with your gyrations impetuous,
Thoughts of slow delay abandon, come, and follow me as your guide,
To the Phrygian home of Cybele, to the Phrygian goddess' grove,
Where the clash of cymbals call you, where the timbrels echo afar,
Where the Phrygian through the curved reed whistles low with his droning flute,
Where the Mænads wildly dancing toss abroad their heads ivy-crowned,
Where they ply their hallowed mysteries with ear-piercing ululations,
Where the train of great Cybelle flit like birds wheeling aerially,
Thither must we hasten, thither in quick-dancing mystic measure."
Thus she sung to her companions, Atys the woman newly made.
Of a sudden all the rout with quivering tongues began their yelling,
Bellow back the timbrels light, the hollow cymbals echoing ring,

And with eager feet the chorus rush to ascend green Ida's hill.
With them raging, breathless, wandering, all her mind distraught with madness
Atys with the timbrel hurries through all darkening groves their guide,
As the steer unbroken flees the burden ponderous of the yoke.
Her their leader quick the Gallæ follow with feet rapidly hastening,
So o'erwearied, spent with labour, reach they Cybele's sanctuary,
Then they sink in heavy slumber, fasting, fainting with a dire hunger.
O'er their eyes a drowsy torpor sinks with languor overpowering,
Rest in placid sleep their bosoms from the fury which had possessed them.
But when rose the golden sun with bright orb gleaming radiantly,
Lighting up the æther white, hard ground, and sea ruthlessly ravening
Trampling out the shades of night with his fresh horses thunderous-hoofed,
Atys woke, and sleep departed, rapidly vanishing away,
And Pasithea's trembling bosom once more received the drowsy god. (1)

Then thus wakened from her quiet rest her raging frenzy assuaged
To her mind the act of madness, all the deed she had done returned,
Then unblinded saw she where her dwelling, what her ignominy,
Bent again her footsteps seaward, her soul seething piteously.
Then with streaming eyes beholding ocean's plain illimitable,
Thus with mournful voice addressed her country, moaning miserably,
"O my country who didst bear me, thou my country who didst beget me,
I, poor wretch, I thee abandoned, as his lord a fugitive slave,
And to wooded heights and groves of Ida hurried precipitously,
There to dwell in snowy regions, ice-frozen haunts of beasts wild-roving.
All their savage lairs to visit, driven by madness deliriously.
Where art thou my country, 'neath what point of sky shall I picture thee?
For my very eyeballs long to bend their agonized gaze towards thee,
While my mind from raging frenzy is but a moment respited.
Far from home I loved so dearly shall I then through these forests wander
From my country, wealth, and friends, and parents ever separated,

Parted from the forum's triumphs, from the race course ever and aye,
Parted, too, from the palæstra, from the gymnasium, ah, the misery!
Woe on woe, my soul must ever pour forth in anguish lamentations,
All the charms of manly beauty once were mine, my body gracing
Youth and boyhood, age and manhood all were forms most lovely in me. (2)
Me the flower of the palæstra, me the gymnasium's pride and glory.
Mine the portals crowded ever, mine the thresholds hospitable,
Mine the house o'erhung with garlands, lovers' flowery memorials,
When the sun arose in heaven, and from my chamber forth I sallied.
Now shall I to gods devoted stray the bondsman of Cybele?
I be Maenas, half my old self, I a man unfruitful, barren?
I inhabit wooded Ida clothed with chilling mantle of snow?
I drag out a weary lifetime under the lofty Phrygian hill-crags?
Where the forest deer inhabit, and boar savage woodland-ranger.
Now I feel my shame, at last now sharp remorse with misery racks me."

Such the sounds she uttered, wailing from her womanly roseate lips.
Straight her moaning reached the god's ears, wild sounds strange and unexpected.
Then her lions great Cybelle from her chariot unyoked,
With her goad the flock-destroyer yoked on the left she struck and urged him,
" Rouse thee, rouse thee in thy fierceness, go, and that wretch with fury maddening
With the stroke of frantic madness, drive to the forest hence departing.
Who in freedom from my service now dares hope to be liberated.
Rouse thee, goad thyself to anger, lash thine own sides furiously,
Let the vales resound on all sides with thy roars reverberated,
Shake thy tawny mane terrific on thy sinewy neck to fright him."
Thus Cybelle threatening uttered loosing the yoke with rapid gesture,
Then the lion roused to wildness spurred himself to raging frenzy,
Started roaring, burst the brushwood with feet flying precipitously.
Soon he came to where the sea-waves dashed on the whitening coast in foam,
There he saw the tender Atys standing hard by the plain of ocean,

Launched himself upon him bounding, but to the forest wild with terror
Atys darted, there his whole life served as a votary to Cybele.
O divine and awful mother, mighty mistress of Dindymus,
From my house be kept the frenzy, terrible goddess, by thee inspired,
Others hound thou on to madness, others to dire insanity goad.

CARMEN LXIV.—THE MARRIAGE OF PELEUS AND THETIS.

Of old, as bards relate, a ship of pine,
Grown where the lofty crest of Pelion stands,
Traversed the realm of Neptune, waste of brine,
To Phasis' waves, and great Aetes' lands. (1)
A chosen band of youths, an Argive crew,
To win the Fleece, and Colchian scenes to view,
Dared through the salt sea waves undaunted sweep
With oars of pine ploughing the azure deep.
Pallas herself who ever doth retain
In each proud citadel her sacred fane,
The car which flew before the scudding breeze
Constructed, welding to the curvéd keel
The pine-beams, thus the inexperienced seas
First taught the rapid rush of barks to feel

When through the crestéd waves the ship's prow broke,
And seethed the foam beneath the rowers' stroke.
Then eager faces peered from billows white,
Faces of Nereids wondering at the sight,
And then it was that mortal eyes could scan
—Such sight had ne'er before been seen by man—
Fair naked forms, round which the billows rave,
With white breasts glistening o'er the tossing wave,
And then for love of Thetis Peleus burned,
Nor was his mortal love by Thetis spurned,
Great Jove himself assented to the tie,
Such was the grace of gods who dwelt on high.
O race of heroes, whom the earth did bear
In golden ages, blest beyond compare,
Hail thou great race of ancestry divine!
All hail thou too, our mother earth benign,
Full oft will I accost ye in my strain,
Thee, too, great guardian of Thessalia's plain
Peleus, most honoured in thy marriage when
Great Jove himself the king of gods and men
Gave up to thee his claim to Thetis' love
And thee a mortal matched with gods above. (2)
Didst thou that lovely offspring of the sea
Possess, and Tethys give her child to thee,
And Ocean who surrounds the earth's wide plain
Consent that thou his daughter's love should'st gain?

When the revolving year brought round the time
For Peleus' nuptials, then Thessalia's clime
Poured forth her joyous throngs. The palace stands
Crowded with guests and mirthful wedding bands.
Rich gifts they bring: joy shines in every face,
All come the marriage of their prince to grace.
Scyros they leave, and Tempe's lovely glen,
Larissa, Crannon are deserted then. (3)
Pharsalus sees them crowding through her gate:
The land lies fallow: lazy steers await
At ease the unused yoke; no pruner now
Checks the wild growth of leafy forest bough.
No gardener now the vine with curved prong clears,
No ox deep furrows through the upland tears,
Rotted with rust the plough-shares idle stand,
No sound of toil is heard throughout the land.
But in the palace what a splendour glows!
Rich gold and silver in refulgent rows
In every furthest nook, while thrones gleam white
With ivory, and cups reflect the light
In glittering order on the festive board
Brilliant with treasure such as kings afford.
And in the mansion's centre, lo! there stands
The genial couch, the work of cunning hands,
Whose polished ivory attracts the view,
O'erlaid with cloth of brilliant purple hue.

Here on the coverlet's rich ample fold
Figures of men are seen, heroes of old,
And deeds performed by mighty ones of yore
Enwrought with art. Here on the Naxian shore (4)
Lone Ariadne watches Theseus' sails
Sink on the ocean, borne by favouring gales:
Scarce can she trust her eyes, which see her guest
Faithless departing, and her maddened breast
Throbs with despairing rage, while round her lies
The beach which met her half-awakened eyes
Deserted, when she first from treacherous sleep
Arose in loneliness; but on the deep
Meanwhile the flying traitor plies the oar,
His vows are scattered to the careless wind.
She stands amid the sea-weed on the shore
Like some carved stone Bacchante, while her mind
Tosses on waves of woe which ever rise,
Still gazing seawards with despairing eyes;
Her yellow hair streams wild, the coif unbound,
Her sashes loosed her swelling bosom show,
Her garments slip unheeded to the ground,
The salt waves catch and toss them to and fro;
What recks she of her coif or loosened zone?
Theseus and her sad fate she heeds alone.
Her mind distracted no fair hope can show,
Her soul is lost in labyrinths of woe.

Unhappy maiden! on that fatal day
When Theseus came, the monster's destined prey,
From curved Piræus, with the doomèd band,
And reached the stern Gortynian monarch's land, (5) Creta
Then her the goddess struck with love's fell dart, (6)
And sowed the seeds of sorrow in her heart.
For thus they tell the tale; a cruel jest
Avenged the murder of the stranger guest,
The son of Minos, and the sire decreed
That chosen youths, and maids of tender age,
Should every year atone the shameless deed,
And fall mute victims to the monster's rage.
Sore lay this fate upon the dwindling town
Till Theseus' mighty soul did pity swell,
And he himself a victim would lay down
His life for Athens, which he loved so well,
And thus would stay the doom for evermore
Which sent the living-dead to Creta's shore.
So pressing on with favouring gales he came
To haughty Minos' court of princely fame.
Him saw with eager glance the royal maid—
Nursed in her mother's tender arms she lay
On her chaste bed, in beauty's charms arrayed,
Like flowers glowing 'neath the spring sun's ray;
Delicious odours round her filled the air,
Such on Eurotas' banks the myrtles bear. (7)

Nor did she turn from him her longing eyes
Till every fibre of her being thrilled,
Fired with immortal love which never dies,
And all her soul a burning passion filled.
O thou dread love, who with a cruel heart
The cause of all distracted madness art,
Thou youthful god, who minglest joy with teen,
And thou of Golgi's town the Cyprian queen!
With what a sea of woe have ye opprest
The maiden sighing for her fair-haired guest!
How sinks her heart, fainting with nameless fear!
More yellow-pale than gold her cheeks appear.
When with the monster nobly to contend
Theseus departed, there to meet his end
Slain for his country, or to win fair fame
And live for ever with a deathless name.
What unvoiced vows and promises she made,
All, all in vain, imploring heaven's aid.
Her vows availed the hero chief to save,
But fatal were, alas! to her who gave.
For as the hurricane's wild whirling force
Uproots the lofty oak or resinous fir
Which crashing falls, and in its earthward course
Involves in ruin all things far and near;
So fell the monster after direful fight,
His savage strength o'ercome by Theseus' might,

Prostrate he lies, with Theseus o'er him there,
His tossing horns wound but the empty air,
The hero saved from death his path retraced,
And through the labyrinth's long windings paced,
Holding the clue for fear his footsteps stray
And in the mazy puzzle lose their way.
But why desert the subject of my song
To tell of hapless Ariadne's wrong?
How, leaving father, mother, sisters, home,
With Theseus on the ocean wave to roam,
She e'en forgetful of her mother's woe,
Whose love her wild despairing wails could show,
Preferred the joys which faithless Theseus swore,
And with him fled to Naxos' wave-beat shore,
Where waked one morning as in sleep she lay
She saw her treacherous lover sail away.
Shrill cries she uttered, so the story goes,
Rage and despair her heaving bosom shows;
Full oft would she the rugged hills ascend
Her gaze on ocean's wide expanse to bend,
Or rush to meet the salt waves as they rise
Lifting her raiment soft to bare her thighs,
And her last moan she made, while tears exprest,
And sobs, the tumult of her anguished breast.
"And is it thus, perfidious wretch, that here
Thou leavest me upon this island dear?

Me, who for thee left fatherland and home;
Wilt thou then bear the perjury of my doom
Back to thy country, and from hence depart,
The gods neglected, with unfeeling heart?
Can nothing change thy cruel reckless mind,
Does no fond pity yet remain behind?
Not these the promises thou once did'st make
When I abandoned all for Theseus' sake.
Wretch that I am! ah, never was it this
Thou told'st me of, but longed-for marriage bliss,
And Hymen's joys, but all that thou did'st swear
Is scattered to the vain and wandering air.
Henceforth let no confiding woman trust
The oaths of men, they swear but for their lust.
And when they wish to win, no vows they spare,
They promise all things to a trustful ear,
But when they've gained their aim, what recks it then
Of broken vows or perjuries to men?
For I, lest I should wanting seem to thee
Snatched thee from out the whirling pool of death,
And chose to lose a brother, and for me (8)
This the reward, and this thy plighted faith,
That I should die, and it should be my doom
To lie unburied, no religious tomb
Or funeral rites be mine, but birds of prey
And savage beasts should tear my limbs away.

Wert thou beneath some lonely hill crag born
Of a fierce lioness, or did in scorn
The sea disgorge thee from the waves which foam,
Engendered there? what Syrtis was thy home?
What ravening Scylla or Charybdis wild,
Who works destruction, owns thee as her child
That thou requitest thus the boon of life?
E'en hadst thou not desired me for wife,
From horror at my father's grim decree,
Could I not then have servant been to thee,
Lived in thy palace court, and, toil most blest!
Prepared thy couch with coverlets for rest,
Have washed thy feet, have been thy humble slave,
Ah how much better than this living grave!
But why do I thus madly loud complain?
The air unfeeling cannot know my pain,
It hath no ears, no tongue to answer back.
Ah me! e'en now he holds his onward track
On the deep main, on shore the sea-weed lies,
But now no human form can meet my eyes,
Relentless fate e'en grudges ears to heed
My poor complaint in my extremest need.
O mighty Jove, would that in former time
Cecropian barks had ne'er reached Creta's clime,
Would that the faithless seaman ne'er had moored
The ship which carried that dread freight on board,

—The tribute to the bull as yet untamed,—
To Creta's coast, and that *he* ne'er had claimed
Our friendship, he that villain, whose sweet art
Hid deep the counsels of his cruel heart.
Now whither shall I go, what hope is left?
Shall I return to Crete of joy bereft?
Alas! the cruel sea with swelling tides
Me from my country evermore divides,
How could I hope my father's aid, whom I
Deserted with a stranger foe to fly!
Stained with the guilt of brother's blood, and he
My lover, has his love still charms for me,
His love, who bending now his oars in flight
Ploughs the deep ocean, vanished from my sight!
The lonely island hath no shelter here,
The waves surround me, no escape is there,
No hope, no means of flight; a death-like gloom
Silent and drear dwells in this living tomb.
But ere my eyes wax dim in death's dark night,
Ere yet the senses leave this wearied frame,
The gods will I invoke my wrongs to right,
And call upon the heavenly powers by name.
Wherefore, ye Furies, awful sisters, who
Send upon men's misdeeds the vengeance due,
Ye now do I accost, hear ye my prayer,
Whose lowering brows are wreathed with snaky hair

Which show the fury which your bosom fills,
Come hither, hear my piteous tale of ills,
Which I unhappy, helpless, mad with love,
Pour forth, your ruth with truthful words to move.
And since my words are true, let not my wail
Be disregarded as an idle tale,
But may that savage heart which Theseus bore,
Which left me lonely on this desert shore,
Involve in ruin him and all his race,
Grant me, dread goddesses, at least this grace."
Such wail she uttered from her mournful breast,
Invoking vengeance on her cruel guest.
The mighty Thunderer his dread assent
Nodded propitious, and the sound was sent
Through earth's wide plains, and ocean's waves afar,
And shook through heaven's vault each glittering star.
Blank darkness on the mind of Theseus fell,
His sire's injunction which he learned so well
And kept with constant heart, he now forgot,
No sail was hoisted to announce his lot,
To show the son escaped the monster's rage,
Alive returned to bless his father's age.
For, as the story goes, when first the fleet
Left Athens' port divine, and sailed for Crete,
Old Ægeus ere the parting yet was done
Gave such injunction to his gallant son.

"My child beloved, my only child, more dear
Than length of life through many a rolling year,
Restored thy sire's declining years to bless,
Whom now I send to face grim danger's stress,
Since fortune, and for fame thy generous glow,
Now snatch thee from me, loath to let thee go
For not yet have these eyes enjoyed their fill
Of gazing on thee; it is heaven's will,
But with no joyful heart I bid thee go,
Nor shalt thou signals of good fortune show.
But first will I pour forth my wails and tears,
With scattered dust defile my aged hairs,
Then will I hang sails of a dusky hue
Upon thy mast that all our grief may view—
Iberian sails stained with a rust-like dye,
Sign of my woe, my burning agony.
But if the goddess of Itone's shrine (9)
Who erst our race and Athens' walls divine
Swore to defend, shall grant this grace to thee,
To slay the monster and the land set free,
Then keep this bidding in a constant heart,
Nor from thy memory let my words depart;
When first the Athenian hills shall meet thy view
Put off the yards the sails of dusky hue,
And let the cordage hoist fair canvas white,
That when the wished-for ship shall meet my sight,

Then I may know, while joy shall fill my mind
Of thy return, a prosperous age to find."
This bidding Theseus with obedience due
Had minded, but as clouds through the deep blue
Driven by winds leave the hill-tops behind,
So passed his sire's behest from Theseus' mind.
Meanwhile old Ægeus, bowed with anxious fears,
Wasting his eyes with never-ceasing tears,
From the high battlements of Pallas' fane,
Scanning with longing eyes the watery plain,
Soon as he saw the dark sail on the sea
Threw himself headlong, thinking sure that he
His son had fallen low by cruel fate.
So Theseus entered the ancestral gate
Of his proud palace with a mourning train,
And thus returned upon his head again
The woe he wrought on Naxos' rocky shore,
When him the ship from Minos' daughter bore.
She the meanwhile the fast receding bark
Watching remains, a prey to anguish dark.
The other side fair Bacchus meets our view,
And with him come a quaint Satyric crew,
And Nysa-born Sileni with him rove, (10)
Thee, Ariadne, seeking fired with love.
Evoe, lo! they shout with frenzied strain,
Wild-dancing, till the rocks resound again,

Some thyrses ivy-pointed loudly shake,
And some the limbs of oxen rend and tear,
Some twist about their heads the writhing snake,
While others dark mysterious emblems bear
In hollow chests. The vulgar crowd in vain
Aspire the knowledge of these rites to gain;
Some dash the timbrel with extended hand,
Or on the rounded brass soft sounds command,
The pipes shrill squeak; anon the trumpets blare
And fill with horrid din the noisy air.
Figures like these upon the polished bed
The coverlet with richest hues displayed,
And when the guests had gazed their fill, their place
Was ta'en by noble forms of godlike race,
As when with gentle breath the zephyr stirs
The tranquil sea, when Eos first appears
Hard by the threshold of the journeying sun,
The plashing waves before the breezes run
With rippling laughter, soon the fresh wind's might
Drives the crisp rows more frequent to the sight
Which floating far gleam back the purple light,
So they departing gleam, each on his road,
And leave the threshold of the king's abode.
To them succeeds foremost amid the throng
Old Chiron bearing sylvan gifts along, (11)
Come from high Pelion's crest, his basket fills

All the rich produce of Thessalian hills,
Flowers, too, he bears, such as near running rills
Grow nurtured by the warm Favonian air,
In mingled chaplets wrought with tender care—
The smiling mansion filled with fragrance sweet,
With pleasant laughter seems his gifts to greet.
Next comes Penëus from green Tempe's glade, (12)
Which hanging woods surround with darkling shade,
Tempe he leaves and Nessos' waters, where
To Dorian strains dance bands of maidens fair;
Nor comes he empty-handed. The tall bay
And stately beech with roots all torn away,
The waving cypress and the nodding plane
And Phaethon's sister, so the poets feign
The slight and limber poplar—bearing these
He comes, and plants the house around with trees,
That so the porch, bedecked with wavy green,
Should glimmer through a pleasant leafy screen.
Next sage Prometheus comes of ancient race,
The marks of his dread doom the eye can trace,
Who erst of heaven's fierce wrath endured the shock,
Hanging with chainéd limbs from rugged rock.
Then comes from heaven the sire of gods and men,
With him his spouse divine; thee, Phœbus, then
Alone he leaves in heaven's wide spacious plains,
With thee thine only sister too remains,

Whose favourite shrine on Idrus' summit stands, (13)
She, too, with thee despised the nuptial bands
Which joined fair Thetis and brave Peleus' hands.
Now when the gods their snowy limbs reclined,
The board was filled with cheer of various kind,
Meanwhile the Parcæ, trembling, bent with years,
Chaunting begin to utter fate aloud:
Rose-coloured fillets bind their snowy hairs,
White robes with purple hem their figures shroud,
Working for ever at the web of doom,
The aye-unceasing labour of the loom.
Their left hands hold the distaff, while the wool
Runs swift and smooth around the whirling spool,
Formed with upturnèd fingers; while their thumbs
Bent downwards twist the fibre as it comes.
The ends to equal with their teeth they bite,
With woolly threads their withered lips are white;
Before their feet, baskets of osiers stand
To hold the fleeces, and the mystic band
Drawing the thread, sing with clear-sounding cry
The song of fate, the chaunt of doom on high,
Which no succeeding age should falsify:
"Hear thou great lord, whose deeds of valour claim
A newer glory for thy princely name,
Most glorious in thy son that is to be,
Hear what the sisters now reveal to thee,

A truthful oracle on this glad day,
Hear, thou of Thessaly the prop and stay. (14)
And ye by whom the doom of men is sped
  Run spindles, run, draw out the fateful thread.

"Lo Hesperus draws nigh; the joys of love
Which every eager bridegroom pants to prove,
Attend him, for behold thy matchless bride
Comes with the lucky star to seek thy side,
With thee prepares to join in languorous rest,
Soothing with joy thy love-tormented breast,
Placing her tender arms beneath thy head.
  Run spindles, run, draw out the fateful thread.

"Ne'er were such lovers joined beneath one roof,
Ne'er was love seen of such a mighty proof,
Ne'er did a mutual flame such influence shed,
As when brave Peleus did with Thetis wed.
  Run spindles, run, draw out the fateful thread.

"To you the great Achilles shall be born,
Whose grand heroic soul all fear shall scorn,
Who on the ranging course full oft shall gain
The crown of victory, and along the plain
Than the light-bounding stag more swift shall be,
Whose flying back no foeman ere shall see,

Whose fiery front shall fill men's minds with dread.
Run spindles, run, draw out the fateful thread.

" With him no hero ever shall compare
When Phrygia's plains with Trojan gore run red,
When Pelops' grandson after lingering war (15)
Shall o'er Troy's citadel destruction spread.
Run spindles, run, draw out the fateful thread.

" Mothers who mourn their sons his deeds shall own,
The matchless valour given to him alone,
Beating the withered breast, while tears they shed,
Casting foul ashes on the whitened head.
Run spindles, run, draw out the fateful thread.

" As 'neath a burning sun the reaper mows
The whitening crops close-set in standing rows,
Thus shall he pile the plain with Trojan dead.
Run spindles, run, draw out the fateful thread.

" Scamander's waves his courage fierce shall show,
Whose stream joins Hellespont's swift whirling flow,
His water choked with heap of Trojan slain,
Shall warm with gore run to the ensanguined main,
Such slaughter shall the mighty warrior spread.
Run spindles, run, draw out the fateful thread.

" Last witness to his worth, that virgin fair (16)
Whose snowy limbs the tomb heaped high in air
Shall on its lofty rounded summit bear,
Shall fall a sacrifice by fate most dread.
Run spindles, run, draw out the fateful thread.

" For when the wearied Greeks by fortune's aid
Shall seize the citadel which Neptune made,
Then shall the tomb be reddened with the gore
Of her whom Hecuba to Priam bore :
Headless she falls, meekly she yields her life,
Like helpless victim 'neath the two-edged knife,
To appease the hero's ghost her blood is shed.
Run spindles, run, draw out the fateful thread.

" Come join the loves for which ye long have sighed,
Let mortal lover take immortal bride,
The goddess share the eager husband's bed.
Run spindles, run, draw out the fateful thread.

" Soon shall the nurse essay in vain to bind (17)
The string which erst the maid's fair neck confined,
The fruit of joys which Hymen's might hath sped.
Run spindles, run, draw out the fateful thread.

" Nor shall the mother fear lest mutual hate
Divide the matron from her loving mate,

Nor shall she failure of fair offspring dread.
  Run spindles, run, draw out the fateful thread.

Thus the weird sisters Peleus' happy fate
With omen good in song did celebrate:
For in those days, when men the gods on high
Still feared, and worshipped with due piety,
The gods the homes of men would not despise,
And oft were seen on earth by mortal eyes.
Full oft, revisiting from realms above
His glittering temples would the mighty Jove
See, when the sacred festival came round,
A hundred bulls fall low upon the ground.
Full oft would Bacchus from Parnassus' crest
Descend, and drive before a noisy rout
Of dancing Thyads, with god-maddened breast
And hair unbound, yelling with frenzied shout.
Them would all Delphi eager rush to meet,
And the lov'd god with smoking altars greet,
Oft, 'mid death-bearing strife, would Mars appear,
Or she whose fame is built on Trito's mere, (18)
Or the Rhamnusian maid, and armèd bands (19)
Would urge to combat with divine commands.
But when the earth with direful guilt was stained,
When in men's minds no justice yet remained,
When blood in fratricidal strife was shed,
When sons forgot to mourn their parents dead,

When for his child's swift fate the father sighed, (20)
That he might win his first born's promised bride.
When the incestuous mother sought to gain
Her son's embrace, unconscious of the stain,
And feared not to defile the household fane. (21)
All right and wrong in dire confusion blent
With guilt's fell madness in men's bosoms sent,
Turned the just minds of righteous gods away,
And thus it is that in the light of day
No mortal eyes a god can ever greet,
No throngs of men are graced by godlike feet.

CARMEN LXV.—TO HORTALUS.

Although deep care and wearing woe
  Me from the learn'd Nine sever,
My Hortalus, nor can I show
  The Muses' sweet fruit ever
In verse, so mighty is the sea
Of sorrow which hath whelmed me,
  For lately the dark river
Of Lethe, with slow-streaming wave
My brother's pallid feet did lave.

'Neath the Rhætean shore he lies,
  Earth weighs his lov'd form down,

For ever vanished from our eyes
  By Troy's most fatal town.
Ah brother! shall I never see
Thy face again, more loved by me
  Than life or all I own;
Shall I again those accents dear
Thy deeds recounting never hear?

No, thou art gone! but through my days
  I ne'er will cease to love,
Thy mournful fate will all my lays
  With grief for ever move,
As the bird's song 'mid leafy gloom
Bewailing Itys' direful doom
  Her lasting woe doth prove;
But though such grief o'ermasters me,
These lines, my friend, I'll send to thee.

Lest thou should'st think that from my mind
  Thy words in my distress
Had slipped, as love's sweet gift confined
  Within a maiden's dress
Slips, when she starts upon her feet,
Unhappy, thoughtless girl, to greet
  Her mother's fond caress,
O'er her face spreads the conscious blush
When falls the fruit with downward rush.

CARMEN LXVI.—ON BERENICE'S HAIR.

Conon, who hath observed the mighty skies,
Where burning constellations set and rise,
Who all their motions watches and can say
How spreading shades eclipse the hot sun's ray,
And how the stars in fixed procession move,
And how fair Trivia is detained by love
Beneath the Latmian rocks, the while her flight
Wheeling through space is stayed by passion's might,
That Conon me did see my radiance shed,
Me, the curled lock from Berenice's head,
Shining with heavenly brilliancy, whom she
To many gods an offering to be
Did dedicate, outstretching her smooth arms,
That so her lord might be preserved from harms.
For he had gone with a destroying band,
A new-made husband, to the Assyrian land,
Fresh from love's triumphs, bearing still the scars
Of amorous combats, and of nightly wars.
Do the new-wedded Venus then despise?
Or do those tears which flow from virgins' eyes,
Tears upon bridal thresholds shed destroy,
Feigned as they are, the happy parents' joy?
Nay, by the gods, untrue is all this grief,
This my queen taught me, when the gallant chief,

Her husband, went to face the battle grim,
And she was left alone bereft of him;
For then what lamentations forth she poured—
Thou'lt say 'twas not the absence of thy lord
And widowed couch that made thy tears to flow,
But 'twas a brother's loss that caused thy woe;
How so? when sorrow did upon thee prey
And through thy tender heart did eat its way,
Till thy soft breast was rack'd with direful pain,
Nor did thy senses in their seat remain.
And yet from childhood thou wast known to me
A maiden of most noble mind to be,
Hast thou forgotten that good deed which won (1)
For thee a noble bridegroom? Ne'er was done
Than that a braver deed, but when in woe
Thou sentest forth thy lord abroad to go,
What words hung choked upon thy trembling tongue,
While from thine eyes thy hands the tear-drops wrung:
What god hath changed thee thus? do lovers grieve
When for long absence they their lov'd ones leave?
And then thou me, thy hair, for thy dear spouse
To all the gods above with earnest vows
And blood of bulls didst dedicate, if he
Should after no long time return to thee.
And should pursuing his victorious way
Add conquered Asia to the Egyptian sway.

So now I pay the vow that had been given,
And shine amid the brilliant host of heaven.
Unwillingly, O queen, did I thy hair
Part from thy head, this by thy head I swear,
And may they who this oath take lightly feel
Due vengeance, but what force can equal steel?
* For steel o'erturned that hugest hill by far,
O'er which doth pass the sun's bright gleaming car,
When through mount Athos sailed the Median fleet,
And in new channels did the waters meet.
If 'neath steel's strokes such mighty things can quail,
How could a woman's tender hair prevail?
O Jove, may fate o'ertake the Chalyb race! (3)
Or they who first began the veins to trace
Beneath the earth, and first from iron ore
Began to forge the hardened steel of yore!
My sister-locks bewailed me lost to view
When through the air with quivering wings there flew
The Ethiop Memnon's brother, the winged steed
Of Chloris; me aloft he bore with speed, (4)
We left Arsinoe's temple, and on high (5)
Traversed in rapid flight the ethereal sky,

* Or if the reading "Phthiæ" be adopted the lines will run thus:

For steel o'erturned that huge hill on the coast
O'er which was borne the illustrious Phthian host. (2)

Till at the seat of Venus fair and chaste
Upon her bosom I the lock was placed.
For Zephyritis' slave her message bore
To the fair region on Canopus' shore,
That not alone in heaven's wide varied plain
Should Ariadne's golden crown remain, (6)
But that I too my brilliant light should shed,
The golden spoils from Berenice's head;
So bathed in tears I reached the fanes divine
Where Venus did to me a place assign
'Mongst older lights a new star; where the sheen
Of Virgo and of Leo fierce is seen,
And where Callisto's nightly glories burn;
There towards the west my heavenly course I turn,
Before Böotes I my place maintain (7)
Who with slow course sinks late into the main.
But though the footsteps of the gods by night
Pass and repass above my shining light,
By day again to Tethys do I flee,
The white-haired mistress of the mighty sea;
These things, Rhamnusian maid, with favour hear,
No truth will I conceal through any fear;
Not though the other stars in anger chide
Will I the secrets of my true soul hide—
Not all these things can gladden so my heart
That from my mind the pain can e'er depart,

The pain to feel that I, my mistress' hair,
Must from her head eternal absence bear.
Where erst, though not in her sweet virgin bloom,
I drank full many a scent and rich perfume.
Now O ye fair, whom Hymen's torch hath wed,
Forbear to share the eager bridegroom's bed,
Nor to his eyes your tender bosom bare
Till from the onyx box an offering rare
Pleasing to me ye give; let this be done
By all who base adulterous pleasures shun,
And seek chaste wedlock's rights, but let the dust
The gifts of those who lend themselves to lust
Drink up in scorn, for I will never claim
Offerings from those who lead dark lives of shame.
But may fair love and peace for aye abide
In the blest dwelling of each loving bride!
And thou, O queen, when gazing on the skies
Thou bid'st the torches' flame to Venus rise,
Do thou on me rich offerings too bestow,
Nor let my light without due honour glow,—
But why should me these glittering stars detain?
Would that I might my mistress' hair again,
As erst become; Orion's belt divine
Might then refulgent next Aquarius shine. (8)

CARMEN LXVII.—LINES ON A WANTON'S DOOR.

CATULLUS.

Hail door! by husband loved and father too,
With Jupiter's good blessing may'st thou thrive,
Thou door! who once did kindly service do
For Balbus when the old man was alive,
And it is said that after he had died,
And when thy mistress was once more a bride,
Thou didst again with ill intention do
Most sorry dirty jobs; so let us know
Why thou art changed, for 'tis reported so
That now thy loyalty no more doth hold
For that same lord whom thou did'st serve of old.

THE DOOR.

Now I can safely say, as I do trust
To please my lord Cæcilius as I must,
'Tis not my fault, although 'tis said to be,
No one can say that aught's been done by me
That is not right, and yet the people will
Lay to my charge all kind of mischief still;
If aught comes out as done amiss, they cry,
'Tis all your fault, you naughty door, oh fie!

CATULLUS.

This brief assertion's not enough for me,
Speak plainer, so that all may know and see.

THE DOOR.

How can I? no one asks or cares to know.

CATULLUS.

I do, so don't delay the facts to show.

THE DOOR.

Well, in the first place it is false, I say,
That she a virgin was upon that day,
When she passed through my portals, not that she
Her husband's love too soon had proved, for he
Had lost his manhood's vigour, but 'tis said
The father filled his own son's marriage bed,
Tainting the house, whether that passion's might
Urged his dark soul, or that he deemed it right,
Knowing the weakness of his feeble son,
Some stronger man should loose his fair bride's zone.

CATULLUS.

Deed worthy of a father, nobly done!
A father makes a cuckold of his son.

THE DOOR.

Nor is this all that Brixia boasts to know,
My loved Verona's mother, where doth flow
The yellow Mela with its gentle rill
'Neath the high peak of the Cycnæan hill;
But for Postumius an unlawful love,
And for Cornelius too, her breast did move.
But, door, how know you this? some one will say,
Fixed to this post you cannot stir away
From your lord's threshold, nor the talk of men
Can hear, the house to ope and shut again
Is all that you, a door, to do are wont.
But I have heard her secretly recount
Full often to her serving maids alone
All the dark shameful deeds that she has done,
And she would mention by their names all those
Of whom I spoke, for she could ne'er suppose
That I had tongue to speak or ears to hear.
One other, too, she spoke of, but I fear
His name to tell, lest he his eyebrows red
Should pucker up in wrath; thus much be said,
He's a lank man to whom some long dispute
About a spurious birth once caused a suit.

CARMEN LXVIII.—TO MANLIUS.

That thou, whom bitter fortune doth oppress,
This letter blotted with thy tears to me
Dost send, that like a man in ship-wreck's stress
Cast up by foaming billows from the sea
I should restore from death and rescue thee,
For now to thee a widowed couch remains,
Nor doth great Venus suffer thee to be
Refreshed with sleep, nor do the ancient strains
Of the sweet muses still thy bosom's wakeful pains;—

This, this it is doth joy my sorrowing heart,
That thou to me for comfort now doth send,
That here thou seek'st Love's gift and Muses' art
That so I see thou holdest me for friend.
But the sharp griefs which mine own bosom rend,
My Manlius, that thou in turn might'st know,
And lest I seem 'gainst friendship's claims to offend,
Then learn how I am whelmed 'neath waves of woe,
Nor seek the gifts the happy only can bestow.

When first the white robe was conferred on me,
And my young age bloomed in its jocund spring,
Then dallied I enough, my loves were free.
And well I knew that goddess who doth bring

To mix with men's woes some sweet-bitter thing,
But now, alas! my brother is no more,
All the pursuits I loved away I fling,
All the delights are gone I had before,
With him our house lies buried, all our joys are o'er.

Thou, while thou wast alive, O brother dear,
Did'st foster all those lov'd pursuits which I
Now have abandoned, once my soul did cheer
All the resources sweet of poetry:
Thou sayest "'tis a shame thy friend should fly
And in Verona's city hide his name,
For here on thy forsaken couch doth lie
To warm those chilled limbs each man known to fame."
Nay, Manlius, call it rather misery, no shame.

Forgive me then, if I do not bestow
Those gifts on thee which sorrow's whelming tide
Hath swept away, I cannot comfort so,
No store of writings have I by my side
Because at Rome I ever did abide,
There is my home, there all my life was spent.
One case of books alone is here supplied,
So think not I decline through mean intent
Or mind ungracious the request my friend hath sent.

For both to thee, both books and verses too,
If I had aught would I most gladly send;
But now, O goddesses, the praises due
To Manlius, and how he aye did lend
His help to me, and all his powers bend
To serve me, this to speak as is most right
I will not spare, that all may know my friend,
And lest oblivious time in rapid flight
Should veil the memory of his deeds in endless night.

But I will speak to you, do ye unfold
To many thousands what I here have said,
And may this page when it hath waxen old
Still keep the memory of that dearest head,
And as years pass, though he himself be dead,
May these poor verses his renown proclaim
Still more and more, nor may the spider spread,
Over the book that holds his vanished name,
Her cobwebs light, but may remembrance guard his fame.

For how false Venus stirred me ye do know, (1)
And how with anguish dark she racked me till
My bosom with internal pain did glow
Like to the fire of the Trinacrian hill,
Or like the waters which in scalding rill
Through deep Thermopylæ the ocean seek,
The never-ceasing floods of tears did fill

My blinded eyes, my sight grew dim and weak,
And sorrow's drops did aye bedew my wasted cheek.

As from a mossy stone a streamlet's force
Forth springs upon some airy mountain's seat
And through the valley in its headlong course
Where people throng doth rush, a boon most sweet
To wearied travellers, when the fierce sun's heat
Doth crack the fields parched with the burning glare,
Or as a favouring wind do sailors greet,
Who storm-tossed to the Twins have made their prayer,
Such was the help which Manlius gave with tender care.

He to a closed field did a pathway make,
A house and mistress did on me bestow
That we together our love's joys might take.
Thither my goddess often-times would go
And resting on the polished floor would show
White feet in creaking sandals, thus, 'tis said,
Laodamia with her breast aglow
With passion did Protesilaus' bed (2)
Approach, ah, fatal love! for blood had not been shed

To appease the gods, her fondest hopes were vain.
But never may desire's urging might
Make me neglect the gods; her husband slain
Taught the poor queen that gods bear no despite,

And that for blood shed in the sacred rite
The thirsty altar longs; this did she know
When ere two winters with their length of night
Had satisfied her early passion's glow,
Leaving her warm embrace her lord to wars did go.

For no long absence went the gallant chief,
His death 'neath Ilium's walls was known to fate,
That she might lead a life of widowed grief;
For then the rape of Helen roused to hate
Each Argive breast against the Trojan state,
That fatal Troy, the common gloomy grave
Of all that noble was, or strong, or great,
The tomb of Greek and Trojan warriors brave,
And which to me of brother's loss the sorrow gave.

Alas! my brother: with thee joy is fled,
That life of thine is gone which I did prize,
The pleasures which thy love had cherishéd
Are passed away, our whole house buried lies,
While thee where no ancestral tombs arise,
No kindred ashes lie, a foreign strand
Doth cover, there most hateful to the eyes
The walls of Troy, accursed city! stand,
There is thy grave, far off thy well-loved fatherland.

For when together flocked the gathering host,
All hearths were then deserted, so 'tis said,
To seek base Paris on the Phrygian coast,
Lest tranquil peace her influence should shed
Over the joys of his adulterous bed;
Then wast thou struck, fair queen, by fortune's blow,
Dearer than life or breath that dearest head
Was taken from thee, such a mighty flow
Of love had plunged thee in a sheer abyss of woe.

So deep near Pheneus was that soil, they say,
Which dried when Hercules the marsh did drain,
When he, Amphitryon's false son, a way (3)
Through the hill's inmost centre dug amain.
What time, too, the Stymphalian birds were slain,
A weak lord bidding, by his shaft divine,
That so the gate which leads to heaven's high fane
Might 'neath a new god's footsteps polished shine,
And Hebe his fair bride no more a virgin pine.

But deeper was thy love than that abyss,
For thy love taught thy lord the yoke to bear.
A late-born child, an only daughter's bliss,
Who to ancestral wealth is born the heir,
Whose name in the will-deed is entered fair,
And whose late birth doth disappointment spread

Among the heirs-at-law, when disappear
The hopes on which the hungry kinsmen fed,
Who vulture-like had hovered round the old man's head,

Is to his aged grandsire not so dear
As erst thy husband was, O queen, to thee,
Nor can the joys of any dove compare
With thy deep love, although 'tis said that she
Doth with her biting beak unceasingly
Snatch tender kisses while her mate sits by;
And though a woman's love most fickle be,
Yet with thy passion none of these could vie
When thou wast joined with thy fair lord in marriage tie.

In grace thy equal, or almost thy peer,
Did my fair darling seek my loving breast,
Around her sported Cupid here and there,
Arrayed refulgent in a saffron vest,
And though content with me she did not rest,
Still I can pardon her caprice of love,
Nor may I be with jealousy opprest
As fools are: Juno, queen of gods above
Did daily rage, seeing the faults of fickle Jove.

His many lawless passions she did know,
But to compare with gods it is not meet.
Then let the anxious father's troubles go,

For she her lover, deck'd with unguents sweet,
Was by no father's hand led forth to meet;
But secretly in that delicious night
Leaving her husband's arms my love did greet:
That is enough, that one fair day's delight,
That she doth ever mark that day with stone-mark white.

Wherefore to thee this gift of verse I send,
The best I could compose, thou well might'st claim
Such meed for all thy kindness done, my friend,
Lest cold oblivion's rust should touch thy name,
And this or that day lose thy memory's fame;
And may the gods, too, those rewards bestow
Which erst from Themis to those heroes came,
Who in the path of virtue aye did go,
May thou and she who is thy life all blessings know;

And may that house which saw our amorous play,
And its fair mistress, bliss enjoy, and he
Who made us friends; for from that happy day
On which I made acquaintance first with thee,
All my good fortune then began for me;
But before all, may she I love the best,
The light of all my days most happy be,
Who dearer is than life to my fond breast,
And whose existence aye doth make my days more blest

CARMEN LXX.—ON THE INCONSTANCY OF WOMAN'S LOVE.

My mistress says that there is none
Whom she would rather wed than me,
Even if mighty Saturn's son
Should woo her, faithful would she be.
Thus says she, but what women swear
To eager lovers it should seem
Should be inscribed on wandering air,
Or on an ever-running stream.

CARMEN LXXII.—TO LESBIA.

Once did'st thou say that I alone,
My Lesbia, all thy breast did own,
Nor e'en to be Jove's heavenly bride
Would'st thou e'er part thee from my side.
And then the love I bore for thee—
'Twas not a lover's passion wild,
But rather as is wont to be
A sire's affection for his child.
But now I know thee as thou art—
Though thou art worthless in my eyes,
And can'st no longer touch my heart,
Yet doth my passion for thee rise

With greater madness than before;
How 's this you ask? The wrongs I bore
Make me esteem thee, ah! far less,
But love thee with a fiercer stress.

CARMEN LXXIII.—ON AN INGRATE.

Cease to dream that thou wilt earn
  Meed of thanks,—'tis all in vain,
Kindness meets with no return,
  Brings to none an aftergain.

Gratitude hath past away,
  No one is by goodness won,
But with evil men repay,
  And with scorn deeds kindly done.

This alas! full well I know,
  Once I had a friend, but he,—
He is now my fiercest foe,
  He who had no friends but me.

CARMEN LXXIV.—ON GELLIUS.

Gellius was often told
That his uncle used to scold,

If a man of pleasure talked,
Or in paths of pleasure walked.
So to shun unseemly strife
He seduced his uncle's wife,
Making him with perfect ease
Silent as Harpocrates:
For his uncle his own shame
Scarce is willing to proclaim.

CARMEN LXXV.—TO LESBIA.

No woman e'er can boast that she
Loved with a truer love hath been,
Than thou, my Lesbia, wast by me,
Nor yet 'mongst men was ever seen
A mutual compact where one bounden heart
Showed faith more firm than love hath on my part.

But through thy fault, my Lesbia, thou
Hast led astray my captive mind
Lost in devotion, so that now
Wert thou the best of womankind,
Esteem for thee could ne'er my bosom move,
Wert thou the worst, I ne'er could cease to love.

CARMEN LXXVI.—TO HIMSELF.

If ever men can pleasure find
When comes the past before the mind,
In thinking o'er good actions wrought,
Faith plighted kept, no evil sought,
No base deceit by word or act
To set aside a solemn pact,
With impious oaths by gods above,
O then from thy unhappy love,
Catullus, as the long years wane,
Rich store of bliss shall aye remain,
For thou did'st all that lover could
Or do or say in kindly mood.
But all was lost, a thankless mind
Received the gifts and then forgot.
Why wilt thou still fresh anguish find
Remembering her who loves thee not?
Make thy soul strong, from love forbear,
And from thy heart her image tear,
And cease, though gods give no relief
To languish in thy present grief.
A love that has through long years grown
Cannot at once aside be thrown;
'Tis a hard task, but it must be,
This hope alone remains for thee,

It must and shall be, come what may,
This passion shall be flung away.
O gods, if ye men's prayers can hear,
And if ye can with pity bend,
And if when death's last pain was near
Ye e'er on earth did succour send,
Behold me plunged in depths of woe,
And if a lifetime I can show
All purely spent, this plague from me
Remove, and set my bosom free;
For now within my heart all joy
This spreading madness doth destroy,
Creeping like torpor through the frame;
Her love I do no longer claim,
Nor do I ask what could not be,
That she should live in chastity;
I long for freedom, and to ease
My heart from this most dire disease.
For this alone, ye gods, I pray:
Do ye my goodness thus repay.

CARMEN LXXVII.—TO RUFUS.

Thee, Rufus, once I deemed a friend,
My thoughts were vain, aye worse than vain,
Thou did'st disgrace upon me send
And mighty loss and grievous pain,
Creeping into my inmost thought,
Thou didst my very soul destroy.
All, all is gone, my life is nought,
For thou hast ta'en away my joy;
Thou poison dire that didst invade
My life and taint our friendship's tie!
I grieve to think that that pure maid
In thy impure embrace should lie.
But thou shalt not unpunished go,
For every age shall know thy crime,
My verse thy villany shall show
Through all the lapse of hoary time.

CARMEN LXXVIII.—ON GALLUS.

Two brothers has Gallus, the wife of one brother
Is handsome, and so is the son of the other,
And Gallus himself is a nice sort of man,
To bring them together he does all he can;
But Gallus is foolish, most foolish, I say,
For he does not perceive that he's showing the way
To a trick which on him, too, some nephew might play.

CARMEN LXXIX.—ON LESBIUS.

Who then can doubt a moment that that youth
Fair Lesbius doth possess a handsome face;
'Tis he whom Lesbia prefers forsooth
To thee, Catullus, and to all thy race.
But I will give that fair youth leave to sell
Catullus and his race, if in the street
But three men whom the world at all knows well
Will with a friendly gesture Lesbius greet.

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CARMEN LXXXI.—TO JUVENTIUS.

Could'st thou among so many find
No one, Juventius, to thy mind
But him whom now thou call'st thine own,
That stranger from Pisaurum's town?
A deadly place, and paler he
Than gilded statue seems to be,
Him now thou lovest, and dost dare
Before me even to prefer,
Alas! how little dost thou know
The crime there is in loving so.

CARMEN LXXXII.—TO QUINTIUS.

Quintius, if thou would'st have me owe
My eyes, or aught my heart can know
  More precious than my eyes to thee,
Take not away the love I prize,
Which dearer is than mine own eyes,
  Or aught else that can dearer be.

CARMEN LXXXIII.—ON LESBIA'S HUSBAND.

My Lesbia, when her husband's standing near,
  Heaps on my head abuse beyond all measure,
The poor soul chuckles such contempt to hear,
  And all his simple mind is filled with pleasure.
You utter donkey! are you then so blind?
  If she said nought about me, don't you see
'Twould be quite clear I was not in her mind;
  But as it is, she snarls and rails at me,
So she remembers me, and what is more,
  Talks of me angrily with scornful pique,
So it is plain her inmost heart is sore,
  She burns with passion, and is forced to speak.

CARMEN LXXXIV.—ON ARRIUS.

Arrius had an awkward way,
For he, whene'er he meant to say
"Commodious," with no "h" at all,
"Chommodious" from his lips would fall;
Or, if "insidious" he'd pronounce,
Then out "hinsidious" would bounce,
And he'd feel satisfied when he
Had bawled his "h" out lustily.

I think his mother did the same,
His uncle Liber, too, would frame
His words with aspirates like this
With most redundant emphasis;
His grandsire used to rap them out,
His grandam, too, I have no doubt;
At last he went to Syria's clime,
Our ears had respite for a time,
These words we heard with smoothness said
And words like them we ceased to dread.
Our calm was short, the tidings dire
Came spreading quickly to inspire
Our minds with horror, when we heard
That since our friend his course had steered
Across the Ionian waves, that sea
"Hionian hocean" styled must be.

CARMEN LXXXV.—ON HIS LOVE.

At once I love and hate,
You ask why this should be,
I know not, 'tis my fate,
A fate of agony.

CARMEN LXXXVI.—ON QUINCTIA AND LESBIA.

Quinctia many men declare
To be a beauty; well, she's fair
And tall and straight, all this I grant,
Each part of her no charm doth want,
But she's no beauty; to the whole
There's something lacking, 'tis a soul!
Her frame is large, but one can see
In her no spark of piquancy.
But Lesbia's loveliness I find
A perfect whole, all charms combined,
And graces live in her alone,
All beauty she has made her own.

CARMEN XCI.—ON GELLIUS.

In this my wild unhappy love,
  O Gellius, I trusted thee,
Not that I thought that thou would'st prove
  Loyal in changeless constancy,
Or that I knew thee well of old,
  And so had hopes that thou could'st e'er
Thy mind from wicked schemes withhold;
  But 'twas because that maiden fair,
For whom with mighty love I burned,

No beauteous sister was to thee,
Or mother, for thou would'st have spurned
Such ties as these, and though with me
Joined in close friendship thou hadst been,
I ne'er thought *that* could make thee play
The dastard traitor's part, but e'en
That was enough, so dear each way
Of evil is to thy base mind,
And villany of every kind.

CARMEN XCII.—ON LESBIA.

Fair Lesbia heaps her abuse upon me,
Incessantly talking, and seeming to flout me,
And yet all the same may I perish if she
Does not in her innermost heart care about me!
And how do I know this, perhaps you will say,
Well I'll tell you, the fact is most easy to prove,
'Tis that I rail at her in the very same way,
And yet may I perish if her I don't love.

CARMEN XCIII.—ON CÆSAR.

Cæsar, I take no kind of care
To aim at pleasing you;
I know not whether you be fair,
Or whether dark in hue.

CARMEN XCV.—ON THE SMYRNA OF CINNA THE POET.

My Cinna's Smyrna was begun,
Nine summers ere the work was done,
And when nine winters had passed by,
The work before the world did lie,
Meanwhile by thousands in one year
Hortensius' verses did appear.
* * * *
Where Atrax' distant waters flow
In swirling depth, shall Smyrna go,
And many a future hoary age
Shall long peruse my Cinna's page;
But what Volusius has penned,
Those Annals shall in Padua end
Their brief existence, and perhaps
May serve full oft as mackerel-wraps.
My friend's works few although they be,
Are very dearly prized by me,
Antimachus' long turgid strain,
The popular applause may gain.

CARMEN XCVI.—TO CALVUS ON QUINCTILIA.

Calvus, if from out our grief,
  To the dark and silent tomb,
Aught can come to give relief,
  Lightening its sepulchral gloom,
From old love's renewed desires,
From extinguished friendship's fires,
All the loss which woe inspires
  Perished in the course of doom,
The love Quinctilia had for thee,
The joy thy constant faith to see,
'Gainst these the fate as nought would be
  Which snatched her hence in early bloom.

CARMEN XCVIII.—TO VETTIUS.

Vettius, it might be said of you,
You dirty rascal, what men do
Often of fools and windbags say
That if it were but in your way,
At nothing would you ever stick,
Your tongue e'en cowherds' shoes would lick
Or even things more foul than these,
So if your mind it now should please,
Vettius, to slay us every one,
Open your mouth, the thing is done.

CARMEN XCIX.—TO JUVENTIUS.

A kiss in sport I once did snatch,
Juventius, my pet, from thee,
Nor could ambrosia's sweetness match
That blissful moment's ecstasy;
But I did not unpunished go,
For on a rack most grievous pain,
Thou mad'st me bear, while I did show
Excuses which were all in vain,
Ah! well do I remember, ne'er
Could I one jot of mercy gain
An instant with my tears, for where
The kiss had lit, to wash the stain
Thou did'st thy lips with water clean,
Lest of my mouth be left a trace,
As though that sweet delight had been
Some filthy trull's impure embrace.
Thou giv'st me as a hapless prey
For ever to a fatal passion,
My happiness dost take away,
And torturest me in cruel fashion;
So that the kiss which once for me
Ambrosial joy and sweetness bore,
Is changed, till in its taste it be
More bitter than the hellebore.

If thou such punishment dost give,
For my unhappy love for thee,
No more sweet kisses while I live
Shall e'er again be snatched by me.

CARMEN C.—ON CÆLIUS AND QUINTIUS.

For Aufilena Quintius burns,
To Aufilenus Cælius turns,
Such is the passion each doth own,
The glory of Verona's town;
For one claims friendship from the brother,
The sister's charms attract the other.
This one may call a tender tie,
A union most brotherly.
Whom do I wish most blest to be?
Cælius I needs must favour thee,
Thy warmth of friendship gives this right,
Proved when I burned with passion's might,
Be happy, Cælius, my friend,
Success upon thy love attend.

CARMEN CI.—LINES ON HIS BROTHER'S GRAVE.

O'er many a land and many a sea,
  My brother, I have come,
To pay the last sad rites to thee
  Upon thy silent tomb.
To speak to thee, ah, vain pretence!
Since cruel fate has snatched thee hence
  By most untimely doom,
Thine ashes dumb alone remain,
To me survives a lasting pain.

Meanwhile our father's rite of yore
  May now accomplished be,
Who to the grave sad offerings bore,
  So these accept from me.
Drenched with the tears of bitter woe
Such as a brother's heart can know
  The grief I feel for thee.
And now, all hail! my task is o'er,
Brother, farewell for evermore.

CARMEN CII.—TO CORNELIUS.

If friendship's secret to preserve
Men have been ever faithful found,
Who ne'er from loyalty would swerve,
Who by a secret tie were bound;
Count me, my friend, as one of these,
Think me, too, an Harpocrates.

CARMEN CIII.—TO SILO.

Silo, my friend, give back, as due,
The sesterces I paid to you,
And then remain, for all I care,
As coarse and brutal as you are;
Or if the cash you will not pay,
Then cease the pander's trade I pray,
Such brutal coarseness as I deem
That business scarcely can beseem.

CARMEN CIV.—ON LESBIA.

Dost think that I who Lesbia prize
As mine own life, than both my eyes
Dearer by far, that I could e'er
Speak evil slanderous words of her?
It could not be, for were it so
I should not love as now I do,
But when you are with Tappo sitting,
Strange notions through your brain go flitting.

CARMEN CV.—ON MENTULA.

Mentula ever strives amain
To mount the Pimplean height,
The Muses with their forks again
Hurl him down in his despite.

CARMEN CVI.—ON THE BOY AND THE AUCTIONEER.

When an auctioneer walking along
With a good-looking boy we behold,
Our suspicions can hardly be wrong
That the fair youth is meant to be sold.

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Our suspicions can hardly be wrong
That the fair youth is meant to be sold.

CARMEN CVII.—TO LESBIA.

When against hope the bosom yearns
  Regretful for some vanished bliss,
Which then to our fond wish returns,
  What joy can greater be than this?

Wherefore a dearer thing to me
  Than all the gold which men acquire,
Was the kind fate which gave back thee,
  My Lesbia, to my fond desire.

For 'twas thine own sweet bosom's pain
  Which brought thee back; my hopes were dark,
I thought thou ne'er would'st come again,
  O happy day of whitest mark!

Who now could be more blest than I
  In thus again possessing thee?
Or in a life time's memory,
  What joy than this could greater be?

CARMEN CVIII.—TO COMINIUS.

Cominius, if thy hoary age
Stained with all vices that can be,
Could by the doom of popular rage
Be cut off in its infamy,
Then first that foe to all that's good,
Surely thy evil speaking tongue
Would be cut out and cast for food
Unto the hungry vulture throng:
Thy eyes would glut the crow's black maw,
The dogs would on thy entrails feast,
And savage wolves with ravenous jaw
Would make their banquet on the rest.

CARMEN CIX.—TO LESBIA.

My Lesbia, the tender love
  Which now exists 'twixt you and me,
  You say shall ever constant be,
Would that your words might truthful prove!

And may the kindly heavens give
  To this sweet speech sincerity,
  That we may keep the hallowed tie
Of friendship perfect while we live.

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  To this sweet speech sincerity,
  That we may keep the hallowed tie
Of friendship perfect while we live.

CARMEN CX.—TO AUFILENA.

Aufilena, good wenches with favour we view,
For while taking their price, what they've promised they do:
But you are my enemy, many a time
You've promised and failed me, now this is a crime,
For girls who are honest would do what they said,
And good girls such promises ne'er would have made.
But the worst and most grasping of women would ne'er
Take presents obtained in a way so unfair.

CARMEN CXIV.—ON MENTULA.

A wealthy man is Mentula thought,
And that with reason, for there's nought
His land at Formiæ doth not yield.
Game of all kinds and many a field,
Meadows and fish, but all in vain,
For his expense outruns his gain;
The land is wealthy, that I grant,
But he himself's oppressed with want,
So we may praise the estate indeed
As rich, but he's in sorest need.

CARMEN CXV.—ON MENTULA.

Of meadow Mentula's possest
Of thirty acres at the least,
Of land whereon the corn is grown,
Full forty acres doth he own,
His other grounds are like the sea,
Unbounded, why should he not be
Richer than Crœsus? one estate
Of his holds all this wealth so great,
Marshes and lakes, and field and plain,
And mighty woods which reach the main,
Or to the furthest north extend,
A vast possession without end,
Huge are these things, but huger he
A man he scarce doth seem to be,
But rather is unto my eyes
A "Mentula" of threatening size.

CARMEN CXVI.—TO GELLIUS.

I once thought, Gellius, to have sent
These lines in Battian measure writ
To thee; on them much toil I spent
In hunting words to please my wit,
That so thy wrath I might assuage,
That from my head thou should'st restrain
The missiles of thy hostile rage,
But now I see my care was vain,
And nought avail my prayers with thee,
So with my cloak I'll foil thy dart,
While thou shalt be pierced through by me,
And shalt with shame's keen anguish smart.

NOTES.

CARMEN I.

The Cornelius Nepos to whom this dedication is addressed was a writer of that time of considerable eminence, and a fellow-countryman of the poet's. He was the author of several historical works, one of which, or a transcript of which, has come down to us, and forms usually the first specimen of Latin literature which is forced on the attention of the reluctant school-boy. The dedication was probably prefixed not to the whole volume of Catullus' poems, but only to the "libellus" containing the shorter lyrics.

CARMEN II.

This little poem, and the following one on Lesbia's sparrow enjoyed a great reputation among ancient writers, and have been as often alluded to and quoted as perhaps any poems in the whole range of literature. Their charm is undeniable, and they would have alone sufficed to give Catullus a high place among the singers of the world. Martial was the first to conceive the idea of the sparrow conveying a double entendre, of the same nature as the "grey duck" celebrated by Pope in his Chaucerian imitation, or the "diavolo in inferno" of Boccaccio's tale, and the notion was supported by Muretus, Politian, and many other learned scholars of the Middle Ages, and occasioned not a few epigrams more or less unpresentable. On what ground the interpretation was based, except on the natural pruriency of the critics, it is difficult to discover: considered as a double entendre the poem at once loses all its charm.

In the seventh and eighth lines I have adopted a reading suggested by Professor Munro, to whose recently-published volume "Criticisms and

Elucidations of Catullus," I hereby beg to express my acknowledgments. He reads "Credo ut, cum gravis acquiescet ardor. Sit solaciolum sui doloris," transposing the lines as ordinarily printed, and making the quieting of her "gravis ardor" not a result but a condition of the solaciolum, a correction which appears on the whole the most plausible and satisfactory.

The story of Atalanta alluded to in the last lines is well known. Hippomenes became the fortunate husband of that swift-footed maiden after fulfilling the necessary condition of beating her in the race. This he accomplished by the simple expedient, suggested by Venus, of throwing golden apples in her path which she stopped to pick up, and in consequence naturally came in a bad second. The moral is obvious, and cannot be said in these days to have lost any of its significance.

CARMEN III.

This poem, delicate in its pathos and perfect in its finish, has enjoyed perhaps a greater popularity than the preceding lines on Lesbia's sparrow. Mr Noel has collected some twenty-five imitations of it in various languages, and both Juvenal and Martial allude to it as a standard masterpiece. Ovid wrote a greatly inferior elegy on the death of a parrot, but it may be doubted whether Stella's lament over the loss of a pet dove would have borne out the opinion of Martial who assigned to it a place superior to that of Catullus' "passer."

CARMEN IV.

In this poem Catullus describes the adventurous voyage he undertook, probably alone in his yacht, from Asia Minor to the Lago di Garda, in the form of a eulogistic description of the pinnace which had served him so well. He appears to have started from Amastris in Paphlagonia, thence through the Hellespont and along the coast of Asia Minor to Rhodes, thence across the Ægean to the Cyclades, and so across the Isthmus of Corinth into the Adriatic, and finally to the Lago di Garda by way of the Po and Mincio. This poem has also been abundantly imitated and parodied, both in ancient and modern times. One of the best known of the parodies was written by Julius Cæsar Scaliger, an admirable illustration of the bitterness which can be aroused by rivalry in purely scholastic studies, which one might have supposed to be conducive to a philosophical calmness of judgment. The pedant who trusted that God would confound his adversary "for his theory of irregular verbs," was temperate in his expression of dissent, compared with the outspoken abuse in which Scaliger indulged.

Castor and Pollux, heroes developed into stars, were supposed to be the guardians of sailors, and appear in this character throughout all classical literature.

CARMEN V.

Probably one of the first poems addressed to Lesbia. These lines have also been endlessly translated and imitated, notably by Ben Jonson, Herrick and Crashaw. The philosophy of the poem is purely Epicurean, and the same idea, that of making the most of the present moment and leaving the future to take care of itself, breathes in burning words through the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. The notion that things of which the number has been ascertained, ran a greater risk of disaster appears to have been almost universal, and still survives in the superstitions of gamesters, and also in popular speech. The belief possessed by the Israelites that a numbering of the people was generally followed by some calamity, was probably derived from the same source, and the French proverb, "Brebis comptés, le loup les mange," is a concrete embodiment of the old conception of cause and effect. The same superstition is alluded to in the following poem, Carmen vii.

CARMEN VI.

Nothing is known of the person to whom this poem is addressed. In the poem to Camerius, Carmen lv, the same principle, that no secrecy should accompany love affairs is enforced, and the precept can claim the sanction of Plato.

CARMEN VII.

A passionate love song addressed to Lesbia. The glow and fervour of this matchless little poem have found many imitators, but none have

approached the original. One might say of Catullus, as was said of Voltaire, that he expressed better than any one else what every one felt, for the feelings embodied in the poem are the common emotions of humanity, the comparisons are trite and obvious, and the idea of the silent stars watching the course of earthly passion, finds expression in the literature of all ages. As for instance in Plato's epigram, "Ἀστέρας εἰσαθρεῖς ἀστὴρ ἐμός. εἴθε γενοίμην Οὐρανὸς ὡς πολλοῖς ὄμμασιν εἰς σε βλέπω, and even in Sanscrit literature the sky is spoken of as thousand-eyed. But none the less does the indescribable charm of the diction of this, and of all Catullus' best lyrical efforts, render them for ever a despair to the translator and imitator.

Battus was the reputed founder of Cyrene in Libya. His tomb was about four hundred miles from Ammon's temple.

CARMEN VIII.

This poem must have been written after a quarrel with Lesbia, and is placed with some plausibility by Mr Martin first of the poems which treat of Lesbia's desertion. "No poet," says W. S. Landor, "has evinced such power in the expression of passion, in its sudden throbs and changes, as Catullus has done here," and this high praise cannot be said to be undeserved. The form of fierce love conveyed in the "quoi labella mordebis" finds expression in other parts of classical literature. Horace's allusion to it is well known, and Plautus speaks of the "molles morsiunculæ" imprinted on lovers' lips. The style of self address adopted in this poem is very common in Catullus' works. André Chenier, the one poet of genius that the French Revolution actually produced at the time, has a passage obviously imitated from the lines "Nunc jam illa non vult," seq. written in the same style of self address.

"Je cessai de brûler, suis mon exemple, cesse,
On aime un autre amant, aime une autre maîtresse
Souffle sur ton amour, ami, si tu me crois,
Ainsi que pour m'éteindre elle a soufflé sur moi."

CARMEN IX.

The Verannius to whom this warm greeting is addressed, had gone to Spain in the train of Calpurnius Piso. He is mentioncd again in the poems as Fabullus' companion, and as forming part of Piso's suite, under whom they seem to have fared as badly as Catullus did under Memmius.

CARMEN X.

This poem was apparently written after Catullus' return from Bithynia, where the exhaustion of the province, or more probably Memmius' rectitude had prevented him making the fortune he anticipated. However, he has so far got over his disappointment that he can jest about it, so the blow could not have been very severely felt. But it never seems to occur to him that Memmius had done no more than his simple duty in preventing the poet from plundering the unhappy provincials. Two successive governors, Aurelius Cotta and Papirius Carbo, amassed large sums by spoliation in the same province, so that it must have been irritating to the easy going followers of Memmius to see that there were rich natives to be squeezed, while their efforts in the direction of peculation were discountenanced by their chief.

The worship of Serapis was, after much opposition, formally introduced into Rome in the year 43 B.C., but long anterior to that date there must have been private temples, and possibly, as appears from a passage in Valerius Maximus, the cult was known in Rome soon after the end of the second Punic War. Serapis as a deity was brought to Egypt from Sinope in Pontus.

CARMEN XI.

This poem must be one of the latest composed by Catullus, as Cæsar's triumph in Britain did not occur till B.C. 54, and the poet's death must have happened very soon after that date. Aurelius and Furius are addressed in other poems, sometimes with bitterness, and in one poem with pronounced hostility. Why they should have been selected as messengers to convey Catullus' ironical farewell to Lesbia and her lovers it is rather difficult to conceive, and the message itself seems but a lame and

impotent conclusion after the long and serious exordium. Probably the whole poem is ironical. The charming lines at the end have been imitated by Virgil. "Purpureus veluti cum flos succisus oratro, Languescit moriens." Horace in his ode beginning, "Septimi Gades aditure mecum" has obviously imitated this poem, but cannot be said to have surpassed or even equalled it.

CARMEN XII.

A reproach half in jest, half in earnest, addressed to Asinius Pollio, the elder brother of the friend of Horace and Virgil for stealing a napkin at a banquet, a serious loss to the unfortunate owner if we recollect that like most Eastern nations at the present day, the Romans were in the habit of eating with their fingers. The offence or practical joke is alluded to in Carmen xxv., and it seems to have been the counterpart of the laxity of honesty which is occasionally manifested in modern times with regard to umbrellas.

CARMEN XIII.

Possibly, the invitation conveyed in this poem is wholly ironical, and is intended to retaliate on Fabullus for a banquet to which he had invited Catullus, and at which, like the Fabullus of Martial, he had provided only perfumes, omitting the more practical duty of also supplying something to eat and drink. Or perhaps it is intended merely to convey the idea that, owing to the disastrous trip to Bithynia, the only part of a banquet which Catullus' slender means would admit of his purveying was that part—by no means an unimportant one at a Roman dinner,—which appealed to the nose and not to the palate.

CARMEN XIV.

A satirical poem addressed to Licinius Calvus the orator, reproaching him for having sent a collection of trashy poetry, and threatening a like retaliation. The receiver of a book at the Saturnalia was, according to Lucian, traditionally bound to read it, so that the practical joke was not altogether destitute of point.

Vatinius had been prosecuted by Calvus for bribery, and was a man of

notoriously malignant and unpopular temper. Of Cæsius nothing is known, but Aquinius seems to have been the Tupper of the period, and is mentioned by Cicero as a typically bad poet.

CARMEN XVII.

The "Colonia" to which this poem is addressed has not been satisfactorily identified. Mantua, Cremona, Bologna, and Comum have all been suggested, but a decision of the point is not a matter of much importance. The Salian rites were probably ceremonies in honour of Mars, though Salii were assigned also to Hercules, as appears from a passage in the Æneïd, and also to Quirinus. The "Mari stupide" has been a favourite butt through all ages, but the desire expressed in the present poem that he should be awakened to a sense of his responsibilities is perhaps not so common.

CARMEN XVIII., XIX., XX.

Priapus was the son of Bacchus and Venus, and Lampsacus a city near the Hellespont was reputed to have had the honour of being his birthplace. His sphere of action was such as might have been expected from his parentage, and there is a natural fitness in connecting him with a shore which was famous for its oysters. This and the two following poems are addressed to him, in his double capacity of god of gardens, which was typified in the sickle with which his bust was usually armed, and god of lasciviousness, which was represented by a "phallus" of by no means moderate size. These three poems were discovered in the Catalecta of Virgil, but have been usually ascribed to Catullus, and appear in most editions as part of his works.

Mr Swinburne has a passage closely resembling the description here given of the offerings to Priapus.

In the spring he had crowns of his garden,
Red corn in the heat of the year,
Then hoary green olives that harden,
When the grape blossom freezes with fear.

CARMEN XXII.

Nothing is known of the Suffenus here lampooned. The allusion at the end of the poem is to the well known fable of Æsop; the propensity to observe the mote in a brother's eye, and to overlook entirely the beam that is in one's own eye has certainly not diminished since the time of Æsop.

CARMEN XXIII.

This coarse and personal attack, the scurrility of which is unredeemed by any flavour of wit, is directed against Furius, and was probably written subsequently to Carmen xi. It illustrates the extreme facility with which the somewhat feminine nature of Catullus could change warm affection into virulent hate, though possibly Furius may have treated this scandalous lampoon with as much contempt as Cæsar subsequently showed for Catullus' violent invectives against him. This style of personal Billingsgate has happily disappeared from literature. Professor Munro describes this poem as "a finished and witty specimen of light and airy banter." It is fortunate perhaps for the fame of Catullus that conceptions of wit and airiness differ, to most minds this species of personal banter would appear somewhat like Rawdon Crawley's jokes, "about as delicate as a kick from his charger."

CARMEN XXIV.

A remonstrance addressed to the object of his affection, probably a sequel to the preceding poem, warning him against Furius. It may be remarked that the advice is based on the lowest possible grounds, that the friendship Juventius had formed or was about to form was not likely to be profitable from a pecuniary point of view.

CARMEN XXV.

Schwabe in his Quæstiones Catullianæ attempts to identify the Thallus addressed in these lines with the Juventius of the preceding poem; a not very probable supposition. The trick of purloining napkins is held up to reprobation in the poem addressed to Marrucinus Asinius. The fifth line

of this poem has always formed a hopeless crux to commentators, and affords a fine field for conjecture on the part of critics and editors. All readings are corrupt, and all suggestions would appear to be equally unsatisfactory. I have followed an elucidation of Professor Ellis.

CARMEN XXVI.

The point of this poem, or rather epigram, depends on the disputed reading, "nostra" for "vestra." If the former version is adopted, the lines justify to some extent the assertions of critics as to the embarrassed state of Catullus' finances before and after the journey to Bithynia. The pun involved in the word "opposita" which means "facing towards" and also "mortgaged" is difficult to represent in English.

The two most ancient manuscripts, probably copied from the original Veronese manuscript, differ in their readings of the first line. The Oxford codex has "vestra," and the Paris codex Germanensis has "nostra." On the whole, perhaps it is more natural to suppose that Catullus was jesting on the subject of his own poverty, but the question really remains quite open.

CARMEN XXVII.

The only drinking song, or poem in praise of wine, written by Catullus. The banishment of water implies a true Bacchanalian fervour, for it was customary among the Romans to drink their wine diluted, a practice justified by the mythological connexion between Bacchus, and the water in which he was dipped by the Naiads.

CARMEN XXVIII.

An ironical condolence with his friends on the bad luck they had had in their attempts to make a fortune out of the provinces, winding up with an attack on Catullus' pet aversion, the prætor Memmius. This Piso is probably Q. Piso, the object of Cicero's oration, M. Pisonem.

CARMEN XXIX.

This is the first and probably the best known of the attacks on Cæsar. It was, if we may trust Suetonius' account, (not inherently improbable),

withdrawn and apologized for, after which Cæsar asked the poet to dinner. Cæsar may possibly have felt that the invective was not altogether undeserved. The Mamurra alluded to here, is mentioned repeatedly in the poems, sometimes under the name of Mentula; he was præfectus fabrûm, engineer-in-chief to Cæsar in Gaul, and was celebrated for his luxury and ostentation.

CARMEN XXX.

It is difficult to explain this poem, and quite uncertain who the Alphenus is, who is addressed in it. It is a touching expression of disappointed friendship.

CARMEN XXXI.

This charming poem must have been written on his return home in the pinnace after his fruitless journey to Bithynia. The perfect grace and beauty of these lines are not inadequate to the loveliness of the spot which they celebrate. It was formerly thought that the extensive ruins which exist at the end of the peninsula were the ruins of his villa. The underground passage called Catullus' grotto is still described in the local guide book as the place where Catullus composed most of his poems! But it has been conclusively shown since the excavations by Orti that the buildings were of a much later date, probably not earlier than Constantine. But the natural features of the place remain unchanged, and gazing at the lovely scenery of the Lago di Garda from the extremity of the peninsula, one can readily sympathise with Catullus' enthusiasm on beholding his lovely Sirmio again after a residence in the dusty plains of Asia. The poet's description of his home as a peninsula or island is justified by the natural features of the place. On the melting of the Alpine snows the lake becomes so full that the narrow neck of land connecting Sermione with the mainland is overflowed, and the villagers are dependent on boats for their communications. The peninsula itself is covered with olives, showing a milder climate than that which reigns in the country around, and a more fascinating site for a secluded retreat can hardly be conceived. It is the one spot round which memories of Catullus cluster, and to all admirers of the "terse muse" of that radiant genius Sermione is as

Weimar or Stratford-on-Avon. This feeling finds local expression in the name of the village inn, which rejoices in the appellation of "Albergo Catullo," and induced Napoleon I., who was always ready to parade his somewhat limited acquaintance with classical literature, to turn aside when on his way to sign the treaty of Campo Formio to visit the poet's residence. It was surveyed two years after by the French general Lacombe Saint Michel, and a grand fête was held on the occasion. Catullus was toasted as a Latin poet, "dont les productions respirent la grâce et l'enjouement." If the French συμποσίαρχος of the period could find nothing better to say of Catullus than this, it would have been wiser to have drunk the toast in solemn silence. Napoleon III. naturally deemed it necessary to imitate the example of his great model, and the boatman who rowed me across from Desenzano informed me that he had twice taken the author of the Life of Julius Cæsar across to Sermione.

Why Benacus is called the Lydian lake is not very obvious. Livy mentions a Tuscan settlement as having taken place in the territory of Verona, and the Tuscans were traditionally descended from the Lydians, but the derivation is far fetched.

CARMEN XXXIV.

A song to Diana probably composed for some festival. It is not, like that of Horace, a carmen seculare, as the secular games had fallen into disuse at the time Catullus wrote, and were only restored subsequently by Augustus. The earlier tradition represents Apollo alone as having been born at Delos, but as far back as Pindar, Artemis was associated with him as a twin sister. Diana was represented under a great variety of names, and almost as many attributes, probably added on to the original lunar myth at different epochs.

CARMEN XXXV.

The "Mighty Mother" here mentioned is Cybele who plays so important a part in the Atys.

CARMEN XXXVI.

The Annals of Volusius appear to have been an historical poem, written possibly by a fellow-countryman of the poet's. Catullus' prophecy that

they would not survive many ages has been justified by the result, and, perhaps, the world has not lost much by their disappearance. Roman superstition, ever on the look out for some way of explaining phenomena, imagined that even firewood could be divided into lucky and unlucky kinds. As a rule the wood of fruit trees was regarded as lucky. Venus is addressed in this poem as mistress of a number of places connected with her worship. Idalium is in Cyprus, her earliest home, Cnidus is in Caria, and was celebrated for containing Praxiteles' famous statue of the goddess, Amathus and Golgi were both cities of Cyprus.

CARMEN XXXVIII.

The Cornificius to whom this poem is addressed was probably the poet of that name. Catullus reproaches him with having neglected to soothe his sorrow by any words of sympathy.

Simonides was the celebrated elegiac poet of Ceos who is said to have composed an elegy over those that fell at Marathon, which was preferred to that of Æschylus. Of his works but a few fragments remain.

Of this poem Lord Macaulay wrote, "The lines to Cornificius, written evidently from a sick-bed; and part of the poem beginning 'Si qua recordanti,' affect me more than I can explain; they always move me to tears." This feeling will probably be shared by all who have any sense of pathos in language.

CARMEN XXXIX.

A personal attack on Egnatius, one of Lesbia's lovers, who is also alluded to in Carmen xxxvii.

CARMEN XL.

The Ravidus against whom this short poem is directed cannot be identified with any known character. He appears to have rivalled Catullus either in his love for Lesbia, or in his passion for Juventius.

CARMEN XLII.—XLIII.

The Mamurra, whose mistress is the object of this attack, has been before alluded to, *vide* Carmen xxix. The reading of the last two lines is very corrupt.

Carmen xliii. is interesting as showing what were considered points of beauty among the Romans of this day.

CARMEN XLIV.

A humorous address to his farm, whither he had fled to get rid of a cold and cough inflicted on him by a portentous bore having insisted upon reading aloud his own compositions. Why Catullus should be anxious that his farm should be considered as belonging to the Tiburtine territory is not apparent, possibly because it was a more aristocratic neighbourhood than the Sabine district.

CARMEN XLV.

This poem has like all Catullus' best lyrical efforts enjoyed a great popularity, and been frequently translated, notably by Cowley and Leigh Hunt. Sneezing was considered an omen as far back as Homer's time, and is still looked upon as a manifestation of demoniac influence among most Oriental nations. The mention of Syria and Britain as the limits of the civilized world has suggested that this poem was probably composed in B.C. 55, when those two countries were invaded by Cæsar and Crassus respectively.

CARMEN XLIX.

The question as to whether this poem was written after or before Cicero's speech in defence of M. Cælius Rufus has been considered in the preface. Schwabe in his Quæstiones Catullianæ is inclined to think that it was composed to commemorate Cicero's services on that occasion.

CARMEN LI.

A translation of Sappho's well known ode, preserved by Longinus, one of the few fragments which have come down to us. "Nothing," says W. S. Landor, "can surpass the graces of this, and though a translation, hardly any poem of Catullus vibrates with such intense emotion, or shows more genuine poetical originality." It is not a very accurate rendering of the Greek, and the fourth strophe has been apparently omitted, or more probably lost through the ravage of time. In its place we have a some-

what commonplace moral, which does not appear to belong to the poem properly speaking, though doubtless there is some connexion of thought. As it stands it is undoubtedly a blot, and mars the effect of the preceding lines; the goody-goody tone of reflection, and mediocrity of language almost reduce the last four lines to the level of George Osborne's well-known essay on selfishness in Vanity Fair, and it is probable that they may be an interpolation of an entirely different hand. I have omitted them in my translation altogether. Since the days of Addison the favourite version of this poem has been that of Ambrose Phillips which is here given.

Blest as th' immortal gods is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while
Softly speak and sweetly smile.

'Twas that deprived my soul of rest,
And raised such tumults in my breast,
For while I gazed, in transport tossed,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

My bosom glowed; the subtle flame
Ran quick through all my vital frame;
On my dim eyes a darkness hung,
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

With dewy damp my limbs were chilled,
My blood with gentle horrors thrilled,
My feeble pulse forgot to play,
I fainted, sank, and died away.

Similar currents of emotion find expression in modern poetry. Shelley in his lines to Constantia singing has represented nearly the same process of violent effect produced by love.

Horace in his ode beginning, "Integer vitæ scelerisque purus" must have had this translation or the original in his mind; the lines with which he concludes, "Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo, Dulce loquentem" are perhaps more musical than any Catullus has written in this poem, but the rest of the ode, while resembling the Acme and Septimius, falls far short of Catullus' best efforts in originality and spontaneity.

CARMEN LII.

Probably one of Catullus' last utterances. Conclusions as to the date of his death are to a great extent based on these lines, a subject which has been considered in the Introduction.

CARMEN LIII.

A humorous tribute to the oratory of C. Licinius Calvus. The word "salaputium" in the last line does not occur elsewhere, and a variety of other words have been suggested in its place. It probably is a diminutive of endearment, but its precise meaning is not a matter of much importance. As an orator Calvus would seem to have ranked only second to Cicero, and it is unfortunate that none of his speeches have been preserved. Quinctilian has preserved one passage from his celebrated oration against Vatinius which gives one a notion of the incisive character of his oratory. It was in the course of this speech that the unfortunate Vatinius started from his seat and artlessly enquired, "Am I to be condemned, because my accuser is eloquent?" The effect produced must have been very great to have caused such an exclamation.

CARMEN LV.

This poem is interesting chiefly as a description of the fashionable haunts of the Rome of that day. Pompeius' theatre is supposed to have been completed in B.C. 55. The "ambulatio" was the piazza adjoining. Talus was a giant constructed of brass made by Hephæstos to guard the island of Crete. Rhesus is one of the characters in the Iliad, where he appears as king of Thrace and ally of Priam. The story of the capture of his steeds on the night of his arrival by Odysseus and Diomedes is one of the most graphic and exciting passages in Homer. Ladas was the well known swift courser of Alexander, and the story of Perseus with his winged sandals is familiar to every child who has read Kingsley's fascinating "Heroes."

CARMEN LVII.

Another poem directed against Cæsar and his favourite Mamurra. *Vide* Carmen xxix.

CARMEN LVIII.

This must be one of the last of the Lesbia series, and portrays the calm despair with which the poet viewed the woman he had once loved descended into the very lowest abyss of degradation. There is a mournful pathos about the first three lines, but the two last rather mar the effect, and the word "glubit" strikes the ear with a sense of painful incongruity, like the introduction of the word "machine" in Wordsworth's exquisite lines beginning "She was a phantom of delight."

CARMEN LIX.

Nothing is known of the characters mentioned in this poem. It was, probably, a pasquinade.

CARMEN LX.

Merely a fragment, supposed by Scaliger to be part of the preceding lines, but it is difficult to see any connexion between them.

CARMEN LXI.

Few poems of Catullus are so familiar or have been so widely quoted and imitated as this Epithalamium. "Among his longer poems," writes Professor Sellar, "none is more beautiful than the nuptial ode in celebration of the marriage of his friend Manlius, a member of the famous house of Torquati. In this poem, more than in any other, Catullus seems to pour forth the fulness of his heart.

"In profuse strains of unpremeditated art"

it is marked by all the excellencies of his shorter pieces, and by poetical beauty of a much finer order * * The tone of the whole poem is one of joy, changing from the tumultuous rapture of expectation in the opening lines to the deep secure sense of happiness, expressed in the closing stanzas." This celebrated poem has served as the model of all epithalamia. How

Spenser has imitated it is known to every student of English literature, and Herrick and Jonson have paraphrased many of the finest passages. Sir William Jones in his Epithalamium on the marriage of Lord Spenser has in several passages translated it almost word for word. Properly speaking an Epithalamium was the song chaunted by a band of youths or maidens outside the bridal chamber, after the newly married pair had retired. This song is rather a description of the successive steps in the marriage ceremony, and apart from its poetic beauties is interesting as a picturesque account of a purely Roman marriage. It may possibly have been composed to some extent in imitation of Sappho's Epithalamia, of which some fragments remain, but though the invocation is Greek, the imagery and illustrations are entirely Roman, so that its originality remains unimpeached. All critics are agreed in their appreciation of the exceeding beauty of this poem. "As we read," says Mr Theodore Martin, "we seem to see the figures of a Flaxman pass before us steeped in the warm hues of a Titian or Paul Veronese." "Never," writes W. S. Landor, "was there, and never will there be, probably, a nuptial song of equal beauty." It need hardly be said that any translation must of necessity be miserably inadequate to represent the fascinating charm of the original. Aulius Manlius Torquatus was probably the bridegroom addressed. Catullus condoles with his subsequent loss of his bride in a following poem, and he appears to have been one of the poet's most intimate friends.

(1.) Hymenæus was variously represented as the son of Calliope and Apollo, and Terpsichore and Apollo, sometimes, as here, as the offspring of Urania.

(2.) The flammeum was a reddish-yellowish veil which covered the whole person, leaving the face partially exposed.

(3.) An allusion to the well known judgment of Paris.

(4.) The Thespian rock in Helicon.

(5.) An allusion to the circumstance that originally none but freeborn Roman citizens were allowed to serve in the legions.

(6.) On the appearance of the bride the "domum deductio" began, which was usually accompanied with coarse merriment, and the throwing of walnuts among the crowd. The essentially Roman name Thalassius is here

used, which was the traditional name of the youth who got the fairest bride at the Rape of the Sabines, and was afterwards deified and identified with Hymen. The Fescennine verses, a name derived from an old Etruscan town, were always more or less indecent, so that Catullus in his imitation of them here has only followed the traditional character of these songs, much as the prologue to "Faust" imitates the irreverent buffoonery of the mediæval miracle-plays. Professor Ramsay remarks on this, that "the coarse imitation of Fescennine poems leaves on our minds a stronger impression of the prevalence and extent of Roman vices than any other passage in the Latin classics," but it is hardly necessary to draw this harsh conclusion if we consider that probably by this time the words had ceased to convey any statement of facts, and were merely looked upon as a necessary part of the ceremony which had become sanctioned by usage.

(7.) The bride was lifted over the threshold, possibly in order to avoid the chance of an ill-omened stumble, or possibly as a tribute to the sanctity of the threshold. She was then handed over to the "pronuba," a chaste matron who had had but one husband, whose duty it was to lay her on the marriage couch. Her veil was removed either by the "pronuba" or by the husband himself. In the Aldobrandine fresco, which was found in the baths of Titus the bride is represented as sitting veiled on a bed, at the foot of which is seated the husband, while the "pronuba" is placed near the bride apparently soothing her agitation.

(8.) The poem closes with what we may suppose to have been almost a conventional reference to that paragon of wifely and motherly virtue, Penelope. Catullus appears to think, and readers of the Odyssey will be disposed to agree with him, that "the prudent Telemachus'" best title to fame, is the fact of his being Penelope's son. He himself was scarcely calculated to excite much enthusiastic admiration.

CARMEN LXII.

There is no means of determining for whom this Epithalamium was written, and there is nothing to show that it was intended to celebrate the marriage of Manlius Torquatus and Julia. The form of the poem, and

also the allusions are almost entirely Greek, parts of it are obviously copied from Theocritus' Epithalamium of Helen, and the refrain "Hymen o Hymenæe," is the regular conclusion of a Greek Epithalamium, as in Cassandra's frantic song in Euripides. Though not equal in beauty to the preceding poem, it has many charming passages, and the two similes applied to maidenhood have been as much imitated as perhaps any line in Catullus' work.

(1.) There is a slight confusion in the Geography here, as from no point of view could the evening star rise over Mount Æta and Olympus simultaneously.

(2.) Catullus here expresses a prevalent but erroneous idea that the evening and morning stars were the same on the same day.

(3.) Ariosto has imitated this passage closely in the well known lines beginning—

La verginella e simile alla rosa
Che'n bel giardin su la natura spina
Montre sola e sicura si riposa
Ne gregge ni pastor se la avvicina.
Etc., Cant. I, 42.

and Tasso in the lines beginning—

Del mira (egli canto) spuntar la rosa
Dal verde suo modesta e virginella,

probably had this poem in his mind.

The passage from Tasso has been finely rendered into English by Spenser in the Faery Queen, B. II. C. 12, in the well-known lines beginning—

The whiles some one did chaunt this lovely lay,
Ah, see who so fair thing doest faine to see,
In springing flowre, the image of thy day,
Ah, see the virgin rose, etc.

(4.) The last few lines are somewhat drily didactic; considering that Catullus has himself expressed the conviction in the poem on Berenice's

hair, that the virgin's reluctance was usually feigned, it would seem hardly necessary to resort to such exceedingly prosaic arguments to overcome her coyness. Professor Sellar has plausibly suggested that the whole poem may be an adaptation of a Greek original, a theory which the general want of spontaneity goes far to support. The mathematical division of the bride's virginity certainly is derived from Greek sources.

Ben Jonson in the "Barriers" has translated the passage, "Ut flos in septis secretus nascitur hortis" sqq., almost word for word, in the Dialogue between Opinion and Truth.

CARMEN LXIII.

The cult of Cybele dates from a very early period in Greek history or mythology. The mighty mother is mentioned in a Homeric hymn, but it is not till the time of Aristophanes, or rather Theopompus that the story of Atys appears in connexion with her worship. The poem is written in Galliambics, a metre traditionally associated with Cybele, and derived from the Galli, as the followers of Cybele were called, probably after an early votary, Gallus. The original seat of the cult was Phrygia, but it spread rapidly over Asia Minor, where Herodotus mentions it as firmly established, and thence into Greece. It was not introduced into Rome till the second Punic war, and the legend of Atys hardly became familiar in Rome till after the time of Catullus, who refrained from following the ordinary version of the myth, but struck out in an original line of his own. Any criticism on this poem, perhaps the finest in the Latin language, can only express itself in the superlatives of unmeasured admiration. Gibbon's enthusiasm was roused by its unequalled vigour and sublimity, Dryden held that "no modern could put into his own language the energy of that single poem of Catullus," and if so great a master of vigorous English could hold this opinion, any translator must necessarily consider himself open to the charge of presumptuous rashness. "The Atys," says Professor Sellar, "is the most original of all his poems. As a work of pure imagination it is the most remarkable poetical creation in the Latin language. In this poem Catullus throws himself with marvellous power into a character and situation utterly alien to common experience, and pours an intense flood of human feeling and passion into a legend of the strangest oriental superstition. * * No translation ever written could produce that impression of genuine creative power which is forced upon every reader of the Atys." Perhaps it is only after attempting to render it into English verse, that this melancholy conviction is fully realized, and one has to recognize the fact that only a very faint adumbration of the splendour of the original is perceptible through the foreign medium; but I may be allowed to express my conviction that, English galliambics, such as they might be written by a master of language, form the only conceivable metre in which the rapid frenzy, and infinite variety of passionate emotion can be at all reproduced.

(1.) One of the three Graces bestowed in marriage on the god of sleep.

(2.) This enthusiastic admiration for the perfection of manly beauty is a train of sentiment essentially Greek, probably induced by the exposure of the nude figure in the palæstra, and associated with all the highest religious conceptions. The idea that the body was a temple of sin, to be subdued and mortified for the benefit of the soul's purity, had not dawned on the Greek mind.

CARMEN LXIV.

This is the longest and most elaborately worked up of all Catullus' poems. The subject of the whole is marriage, illustrated by the blissful union between Peleus and Thetis, a wedding favoured and blessed by the gods, and the melancholy story of Ariadne, to point the unimpeachable moral that passion unsanctified by marriage ends in misery and disaster. Viewed in this light, the episode of Ariadne though not altogether artistically inserted, is not wholly out of place, but the plot of the poem, if such it may be called, is probably borrowed from some Alexandrine source. It proves, however, that Catullus might have taken high rank as an epic poet, and Scaliger showed a right appreciation when he pronounced that it approached nearer the divinity of the Æneid than any other poem. The story of Peleus and Thetis was familiar to all classical writers, and was circumstantially described by Pindar. Ariadne was no less a favourite character in ancient literature, and it is hardly necessary

to go through the bare facts of either myth, well known as they are by every one who is the possessor of a classical Dictionary.

(1.) Phasis was a river of Colchis up which the Argonauts sailed. The story of the Golden Fleece has been admirably told in Kingsley's Heroes. Æetes, the King of Colchis, and father of Medea.

(2.) Both Zeus and Poseidon had desired to possess Thetis, but on hearing Themis' prophecy that the child born would be stronger than the father, both sagaciously consented that she should wed some one else. Zeus apparently had no desire to experience the domestic revolution to which he had subjected his own father.

(3.) Tempe, Cranon, and Larissa are all in Thessaly. Scyros an island in the Ægean.

(4.) Dia, the divine island is Naxos, which was sacred to Bacchus.

(5.) Eryx was the reputed son of Venus and Boötes, who built the town and temple of that name, which was dedicated to the worship of Venus. In the Æneid, the temple is represented as having been founded by Æneas.

(6.) Gortynian, *i. e.*, Cretan. Gortyna was a city and headland of Crete.

(7.) Eurotas, the river of Sparta. Golgi and Idalium are both in Cyprus.

(8.) The Minotaur was a half brother of Ariadne's, being the fruit of an unnatural passion her mother Pasiphae had conceived for a bull.

(9.) Athene. Itone was a town in Bœotia.

(10.) Where Nysa was is uncertain, it is placed by some in Arabia, by others in Asia Minor or Thrace.

(11.) Chiron, the well-known Centaur and inhabitant of Thessaly.

(12.) Peneus was a river god, offspring of Oceanus. Prometheus' tragical history is familiar to all.

(13.) Apollo probably foresaw that the hero to be born of this marriage was the destined destroyer of his favourite city, Troy, and so abstained from being present at the ceremony.

(14.) Emathian, *i. e.*, Thessalian.

(15.) The curse on the house of Pelops was supposed to have had its origin in the imprecation uttered by Myrtilus, to whom Pelops had promised half his kingdom, for the assistance given him in a chariot race with Oenomaus. He won the race, and married Oenomaus' daughter, but broke his promise and threw Myrtilus into the sea.

(16.) Polyxena, a daughter of Priam's, betrothed to Achilles at the time of his death.

(17.) This absurd test of the consummation of a marriage still survives in parts of Italy and elsewhere.

(18.) Triton, a small river in Bœotia, and a marsh in Africa, both sacred to Pallas.

(19.) Nemesis, whose temple and statue existed at Rhamnus in Attica.

(20.) Catiline murdered his son in order to marry Aurelia Orestilla.

(21.) Supposed to be an allusion to the incestuous love of Semiramis for Ninus.

This concluding lamentation over the withdrawal of the gods in righteous indignation from the haunts of men is of the very highest order of majestic poetry.

CARMEN LXV.

This short poem was written as an introduction to the succeeding translation of Callimachus' Coma Berenices, which was sent to Hortalus, probably the orator, Cicero's rival. It contains the first intimation of the great loss Catullus had suffered in the death of his brother, which is again alluded to in the epistle to Manlius, and the lines on his brother's grave. This profound sorrow seems to have affected the poet almost as much as Lesbia's desertion, and the lines which treat of it breathe an exquisite intensity of grief hardly equalled in literature. Some critics have found it difficult to discern the connexion between the opening lines, and the passage which treats of the embarrassment of a maiden at the fall of a lover's gift from her bosom, but the meaning seems obviously to be "I send you these lines lest you should think that your request had slipped from my mind, as easily as an apple falls from the dress of a maiden when she starts up thoughtlessly to meet her mother."

Daulia in Thrace was the scene of the tragic story of Itys. Tereus ravished Philomela and cut her tongue out, and in revenge her

sister Procne Tereus' wife served up her son Itys as a banquet to his father. All were subsequently transformed into birds, and Philomela became a nightingale, and so is here termed the Daulian bird.

CARMEN LXVI.

A translation of Callimachus' Βερενίκης πλόκαμος. The original has been lost, but it is probable that the translation is fairly accurate. This and the ode of Sappho's Carmen li. are the only translations which appear in Catullus' works, though, possibly, other poems may have been more or less paraphrases of Alexandrian and earlier Greek writers. The story of this poem is briefly as follows: Berenice, the sister and wife of Ptolemy Euergetes, vowed a lock of her hair to the gods on the occasion of her husband setting forth on an expedition against Assyria. Ptolemy returned victorious, and the lock was suspended in the temple, but disappeared the same night. This simple piece of larceny was adroitly represented by Conon to have been committed by a divinity who placed the lock as a constellation among the heavenly bodies. The likeness of the conceit to Pope's famous Rape of the Lock is obvious, and many passages in Pope have been directly borrowed from this poem.

(1.) The good deed here alluded to was the slaughter of Demetrius of Macedon whom Berenice's mother Apame had destined to be her daughter's husband. He became instead the paramour of the mother and was killed in her arms at Berenice's instigation. Berenice then went to Alexandria where she became the wife of Ptolemy.

(2.) There is a doubtful reading here, "Thiæ" or "Phthiæ." If the former version be adopted, Thiæ clara progenies must mean the Sun, if the latter the Macedonians, who as Xerxes' allies cut a passage through Mount Athos.

(3.) The Chalybes were a people of Asia Minor, the first reputed workers in iron.

(4.) This passage is very corrupt, and the interpretation doubtful. The reference probably is to Zephyrus the son of Aurora, and brother to Memnon.

(5.) Arsinoe was the sister—wife of Ptolemy Philadelphus, deified as Aphrodite, and worshipped on the promontory of Zephyrium. Doubtless all these allusions were thoroughly appreciated in the courtly Egyptian circles where the poem first saw the light.

(6.) Ariadne's hair had also been turned into a constellation, and is naturally mentioned to parallel the high destiny of Berenice's locks.

(7.) Homer speaks of Boötes as ὀψὲ δύοντα, owing to the fact of the constellation being in a perpendicular position as he sets.

(8.) Orion and Aquarius are mentioned as the two constellations most distant from each other. The meaning is that the stars may be thrown into confusion for all I care, if only I am restored to my mistress' head.

The whole poem is essentially Alexandrian; the fanciful conceits, and far fetched illustrations render it as a work of art a performance hardly attaining mediocrity, though some passages are genuinely poetical, and show Callimachus, or his translator Catullus, to have been keenly alive to the beauty of perfect form. At the same time it is probable that the translation, though fairly accurate, hardly conveys a just idea of Callimachus' excellences as a poet. The one complete elegy of Callimachus still extant, the Λουτρὰ Παλλάδος, is a singularly perfect work of art, both in delicacy of sentiment and finish of language. This version is in parts rough, and the lines are of very unequal merit. It may possibly have been an early attempt to render into Latin, the works of a poet for whom Catullus, in common with his school, entertained so genuine an admiration.

CARMEN LXVII.

The interest of this poem is not great, and the subject is hardly one for poetical treatment. Nothing is known of the personages alluded to, and all that can be said about the plot is to be gathered from the text.

CARMEN LXVIII.

This long poem naturally divides itself into two parts, the first, lines 1-40, and the second 41-160, and these two parts were probably written at different times. Heyse indeed conceived that the two parts were totally distinct poems addressed to different individuals, Manlius, and Manius Acilius Glabris, but there seems no ground for this conjecture. In the first part, Catullus alleges that his grief for his brother's death, and his

residence at Verona, prevent him from writing anything to gratify his friend's desire, and the language of these lines is pathetic and natural. In the second part he has recovered sufficiently to write some frigid and elaborate poetry on his love for Lesbia, comparing it with that of Protesilaus and Laodamia. The language of the second part bears obvious traces of Greek influence, and is not distinguished by any warmth of passion, or natural play of fancy. The lines which mention his sorrow at his brother's death, occur with trifling differences in both parts. I have put the two parts into one poem in the translation, as they are obviously addressed to the same individual, and appear as a whole in most editions of Catullus' works. It may be observed that in the first part Manlius is spoken of as resting on a widowed couch, while in the second part he appears to have a wife or a mistress.

(1.) The epithet "duplex" here, either means "false" or "wily," or is perhaps an allusion to the hermaphrodite statue of Venus at Amathus.

(2.) Laodamia, who in her impatience for the consummation of her marriage with Protesilaus, neglected the offerings of the gods, was punished by the untimely death of her husband before Troy. She herself subsequently died in the embrace of his shade.

(3.) Hercules, the son of Amphitryon's wife by Zeus, was subjected to the authority of his half-brother Eurystheus. by a device of Hera's, and two of his twelve labours were the draining of the marsh at Pheneus in Arcadia, and the killing of the Stymphalian birds. The artificial and tasteless comparison of the depth of a love, with the depth of a marsh, is a learned conceit worthy of the worst days of English Euphuism.

The concluding lines show that Manlius had consoled himself for the death of Julia without much difficulty, and possibly the story of Laodamia is introduced, not only as an illustration of the poet's own love, but as recalling the unhappy fate of Julia, like her snatched away after but a brief period of married happiness.

CARMEN LXX.

A short epigram on Lesbia, probably imitated from Callimachus, but the sentiment is one which has found frequent expression. The protestation

that the lover of the period would be preferred to Jupiter, seems to have been a common one, and is put by Ovid into the mouth of Phædra. Possibly because, as Dr Davies observes in his volume on Catullus, the fair one's constancy was not likely to be put to the test under these circumstances.

Sir Philip Sidney thus translates the epigram in the metre of the original.

" Unto no body my woman saith shee had rather a wife be
Than to myself, not though Jove grew a suter of hers.
These be her words, but a woman's words to a love that is eager,
On windes or waters stream do require to be writ."

CARMEN LXXII.

Written obviously at a late stage of his passion for Lesbia. The love by this time has degenerated into an animal passion, which the sense of Lesbia's unworthiness only makes more absorbing.

CARMEN LXXIV.

The first of the poems in which Gellius is attacked. The rancour displayed by Catullus against this unfortunate man who is charged with every conceivable enormity makes one suspect that he must have been one of the numerous successful rivals of the poet in Lesbia's affections. Gellius is perhaps to be identified with Gellius Publicola attacked by Cicero in his oration Pro Sestio or possibly a younger Gellius, the son of Q. Gellius Publicola. Harpocrates was the god of silence.

CARMEN LXXV.

A deeply pathetic poem written during the later struggles of his hopeless love for Lesbia. It has been admirably translated by W. S. Landor.

None could ever say that she,
Lesbia ! was so loved by me,
Never all the world around,
Faith so true as mine was found,

If no longer it endures.
—Would it did!—the fault is yours
I can never think again
Well of you; I try in vain,
But—be false—do what you will—
Lesbia! I must love you still.

CARMEN LXXVI.

This profoundly pathetic poem is perhaps the last which he penned on the subject of his miserable love for Lesbia. In this he appears as having abandoned all hope that she could ever change, and he prays only to be delivered from the memory of his passion. It is a deeply touching expression of the resignation of despair.

CARMEN LXXVII.

Probably addressed to M. Cælius Rufus, Catullus' rival in love.

CARMEN LXXIX.

If, as seems nearly certain, Lesbia's real name was Clodia, (*vid.* Introduction), the Lesbius here attacked would be her brother Clodius, with whom Lesbia lay under the suspicion of having formed an incestuous connexion.

CARMEN LXXXIV.

A personal skit directed against the weakness not yet eradicated from the world's speech of over-redundancy of "h s." Arrius, possibly the Q. Arrius mentioned by Cicero in the Brutus, seems however not to have dropped the aspirate, like the snob of the modern day,—the 'Arry of Mr Calverley's amusing parody of this poem,—but only to have added them on both to consonants and vowels. It may be doubted whether this was a simple piece of vulgarity, as the poet seems to insinuate, which Arrius had inherited from his ancestors. Cicero states that in his lifetime the practice of aspirating vowels only was beginning to be superseded by the new fashion of aspirating consonants and vowels as well in writing as in

speech, and Arrius may perhaps have been only slightly in advance of the tendency of the age. As he appears to have prided himself on his pronunciation, we may presume that it was not a mere vulgar trick, but the poem as it stands is none the less amusing for being a slight mis-representation.

CARMEN LXXXV.

The perfectly simple pathos of these two lines has been justly appreciated in a passage of Fenelon's works. It is difficult to render emotion so tersely expressed in fitting English. W. S. Landor's translation is perhaps the best.

I love and hate, ah! never ask why so
I hate and love—and that is all I know,
I see 'tis folly, but I feel 'tis woe.

CARMEN LXXXVI.

A comparison of a certain Quintia with Lesbia. The charm of Catullus' enchantress consists apparently in that spiritual fascination, which is indescribable in words, and which is quite apart from mere regularity of feature. The French "esprit" though connoting a different kind of fascinating qualities at the same time, is perhaps the best equivalent for "mica salis."

CARMEN XCII.

This epigram treats of the same phenomenon in love as Carmen lxxxiii., but is probably of later date, as there is no mention of the husband. Swift's version of it is vigorous.

"Lesbia for ever on me rails,
To talk of me she never fails,
Now, hang me, but for all her art
I find that I have gained her heart;
My proof is this; I plainly see
The case is just the same with me,
I curse her every hour sincerely,
Yet, hang me, but I love her dearly.

CARMEN XCV.

A warm tribute to the merits of a work written by his friend Cinna. Only a few fragments survive of his poem, Smyrna, so we are unable to judge how far Catullus' praise is deserved, but it is probable that he did not place too high an estimate on his friend's literary abilities, as Cinna is placed by Virgil in the Eclogues in the same rank as Varius. There seems, therefore, no reason why the unfortunate bard should have been "torn for his bad verses" at Cæsar's funeral if we assume that the author of Smyrna be the man mentioned by Plutarch Suetonius and Appian, for Catullus was not usually forbearing in his criticisms on the poetasters of the day. But it appears now tolerably certain that the poet here held up to our admiration survived the catastrophe of Cæsar's death some years, so that the C. Helvius Cinna the tribune who was murdered by the mob through mistake on that occasion, must have been another of the same name. The Hortensius mentioned is perhaps identical with the Hortalus to whom the Coma Berenices was sent. Atrax is a town and river of Thessaly, here brought in as a kind of Ultima Thule. Volusius' annals have been held up to execration before in Carmen xxxvi.

Antimachus was a Greek poet, here put as the type of prolixity and long-windedness. He is said to have written an Epic poem on the Theban war, and composed twenty-four books, but began to trace its history from so remote a date that he never got to Thebes at all. In his poem on Diomedes' return he began, says the Scholiast, "ab exordio primæ originis" from the death of Meleager. Under these circumstances one is surprised to learn that he ever got to Diomedes at all. At the same time he ranked according to Quintilian second among epic poets, and the way in which he is here mentioned by Catullus proves him to have been popular, a fact which may have excited the poet's jealousy.

CARMEN XCVI.

A touching elegy on the death of Quinctilia Calvus' wife or mistress. Calvus himself wrote elegies on the same subject, as appears from a passage in Propertius. The general tone of this exquisite poem recalls the Shakspearian sonnet,

Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long since cancell'd woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanished sight.

CARMEN XCVIII.

The Vettius against whom this epigram is aimed cannot be identified with certainty. The only well known man of that name at the time was G. Vettius the informer, a kind of Titus Oates of the period, and it is possible that this poem was directed against him.

CARMEN CI.

Written on the occasion of his second visit to Asia, when he went to the Troad to pay the last rites on his brother's grave. These harmonious lines are a perfect poetical expression of most profound grief.

CARMEN CVIII.

The Cominius held up to execration in this poem is probably P. Cominius an orator of the day, mentioned by Cicero, who was prosecuted by Cornelius, on behalf of whom Cicero made one of his most brilliant speeches. The unpopularity incurred by Cominius in consequence is described by Ascanius.

CARMEN CXVI.

A short poem addressed to Gellius, probably the same man attacked in other poems: which poem Catullus had intended to send him is doubtful, probably some translation from Callimachus which has been lost. Callimachus was a native of Cyrene, the city founded by Battus, hence the epithet Battiades. The same word is used in the dedication to Hortalus of the Coma Berenices.

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